

CATHOLIC DIGEST

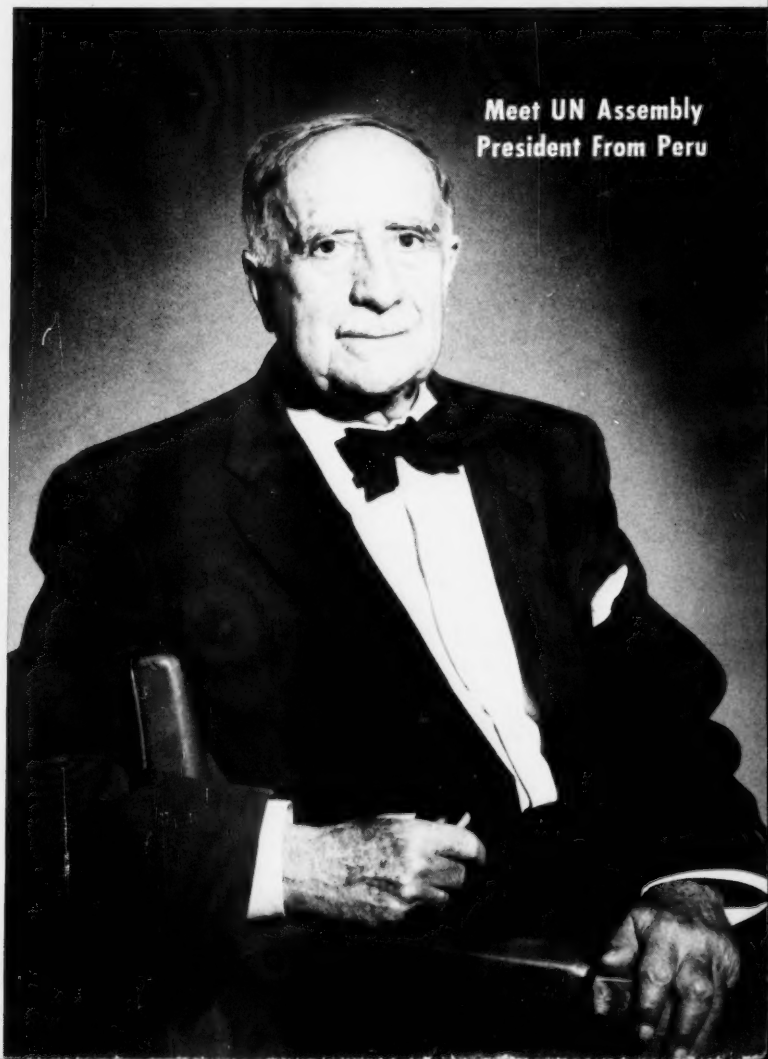
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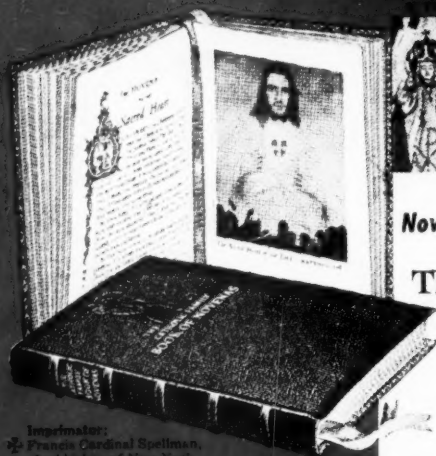
CARL SANDBURG:
The Mystery of Lincoln

FOUR WORDS TO WIN FRIENDS

Phyllis McGinley:
SMALL TOWN—BIG HEARTS

**Meet UN Assembly
President From Peru**





Imprimatur:
 + Francis Cardinal Spellman,
 Archbishop of New York

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Novena to the Infant Jesus of Prague
 Novena to St. Jude
 Novena to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal
 Novena to the Sacred Heart
 Novena to St. Anthony
 Novena to Our Lady of Lourdes and St. Bernadette
 The Forty Hours' Devotion

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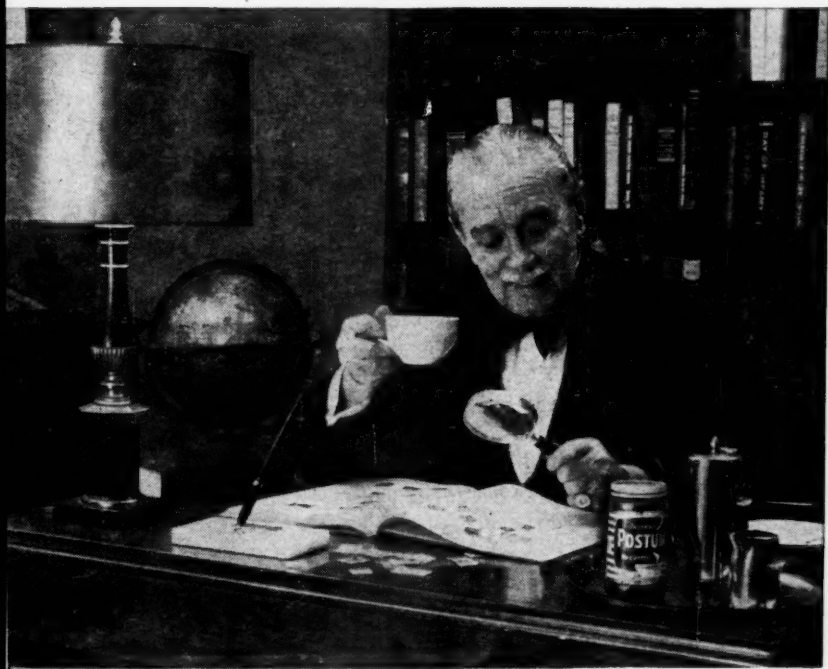
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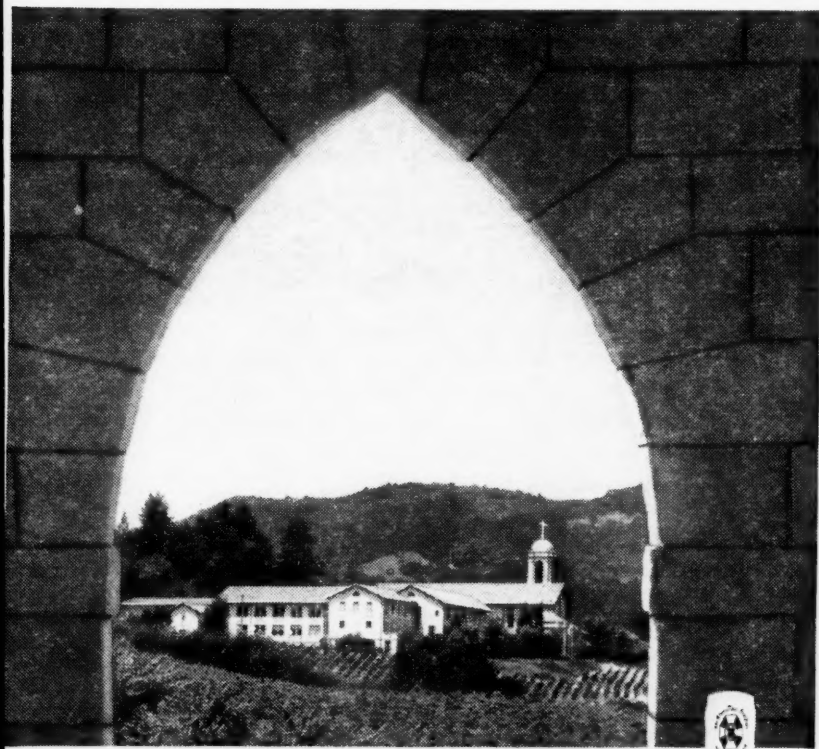
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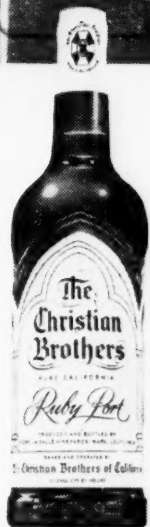
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This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.

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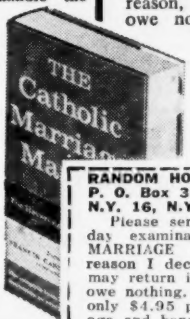
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By Kay Sullivan



Mason, Ronson, Dahl, and Boone: looking down at earth's core

A Trip into Inner Space

Once again Jules Verne classic makes fine movie fare

Hollywood and Jules Verne have combined to take space-agers on a particularly thrilling trip—in the opposite direction.

Journey to the Center of the Earth is an irresistible film done up in grand and glorious style. It traces the zany adventures of four intrepid explorers who wish to get to the core of the earth. They are Pat Boone as a bright young geology student; James Mason, his mentor and leader of the expedition; Arlene Dahl, a brave and pretty wid-

ow; and Peter Ronson, a duck tender. (A duck he brings along helps save their lives.)

The scenery, which includes such startling sights as a forest of giant mushrooms, is spectacular. The action: awesome. The four do such things as battle prehistoric monsters, ride out a fierce magnetic storm, get spewed up in a volcano.

Many of the same lighthearted touches that distinguished *Around the World in Eighty Days* are to be found

in this latest Verne film (he wrote the story in 1864). It is a 20th Century-Fox offering, produced by Charles Brackett and directed by Henry Levin. It should be hailed by everyone, including Pat Boone fans, would-be scientists, and all those in favor of movies that are sheer fun.

What once used to be every small boy's dream—running away to join a circus—provides the central theme for **Toby Tyler**, a new Walt Disney production. Although boyish dreams nowadays are made of such stuff as roller skating on the moon, it would seem that all young moviegoers will envy Toby his old-fashioned accomplishments. Orphaned Toby (winningly played by Kevin Corcoran) escapes the tyranny of a harsh uncle by joining a circus troupe. After some fairly trying experiences on the road (his savings are stolen and he is falsely accused of stealing Mr. Stubbs, the circus prize chimp), Toby winds up as a hero, a successful bareback rider, and closest friend of the chimp. By the way, actor Corcoran has tough going when his simian pal is around. Mr. Stubbs is a class A scene-stealer.

THEATER

Last season it was the incredibly real impersonation of Mark Twain by Hal Holbrook that captivated theater audiences. This year another equally perfect impersonation is luring crowds to the Broadhurst theater. Their goal: to see actor Tom Bosley explode, scurry, and finger-waggle his way through three acts of a bounciness musical as the late Mayor LaGuardia of New York. **Fiorello**, written by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott, is a pungent period piece full of wit and sparkle. LaGuardia himself would have loved it.

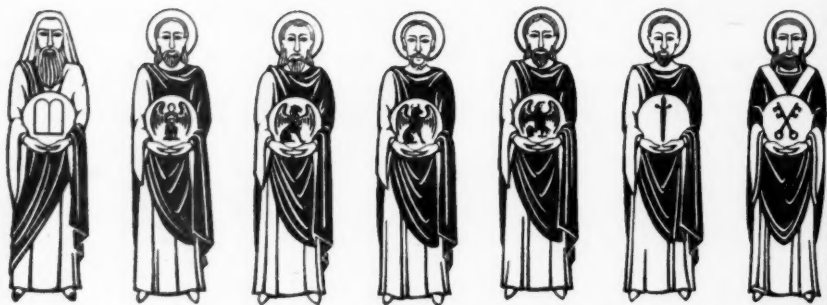
The Tenth Man, a powerful drama well leavened with humor, is something of a departure for its author, Paddy Chayefsky, noted for his slice-of-life realism. The play deals with faith and unseen forces, relating the story of a young girl possessed by a *dybbuk*, or evil spirit. The "tenth man" is a stranger, called into the synagogue to complete the quorum needed to perform the ritual of exorcising the evil spirit. While the play's idiom is Jewish, its appeal is by no means limited to Jewish audiences.

Toby Tyler and good friend



Bosley: just like LaGuardia





BOOKS

Many of us have looked at symbols in stained-glass windows, vestments, altars, and prayer books for years without really understanding their meaning and derivation. A recent publication by Appleton & Bridges called **Symbolism in Liturgical Art** can change all this. It's a handsome little book explaining the 134 symbols most commonly used in Christian religious art and liturgical practice. The symbols are arranged in dictionary order from A to X for ready reference (seems there are no symbols beginning with Y or Z). Recommended for everybody, particularly architects, designers, students, and teachers.

The theme of the 20th annual Catholic Book Week (Feb. 20-27) is "Read to Know . . . Know to Love." If you have the feeling that this sounds like something that Bishop Fulton J. Sheen might say, you would be right. Bishop Sheen is honorary chairman of the book week, and the new slogan was taken from his endorsement of the program, designed to promote publication, distribution, and reading of good Catholic literature.

A Catholic publisher has asked six non-Catholics to take a fresh and candid look at American Catholics. The

result is a remarkably interesting book titled **American Catholics: a Protestant-Jewish View**, Sheed & Ward, publisher. Father Gustave Weigel, S.J., adds a cogent postscript to the collection of forthright opinions.

Before the death of the celebrated priest-teacher-writer Ronald Knox in 1957, it was the understanding between Monsignor Knox and writer Evelyn Waugh that the latter would some day write an "official" biography of Knox. Waugh has finished his assignment, and has provided a splendid portrait, full of surprises, of his friend in **Msgr. Ronald Knox**, published by Little, Brown.

A husband-wife team, Frank and Dorothy Getlein, authorities on Christian art, have put together an informative and lucidly written book on **Christianity in Art** (Bruce). It is not only an excellent reference book but it makes for surprisingly pleasant general reading as well.

Parents should love the Sheed & Ward line of **Patron Saint Books**. They are picture-book biographies of the saints, with large print, short sentences, and plenty of pictures. A marvelous way to introduce a youngster to his family's patron saints. They are illustrated, and cost \$2 each.

TELEVISION

For four Sundays in February and the first two in March, the National Council of Catholic Men will present a series of programs on "Christianity and Reality" on CBS-TV's **Look Up and Live**, 10:30 to 11 A.M., EST.

General purpose of the programs will be to show that the Catholic faith is valid for every historical age because it is based upon an uncompromising realism about human nature and the human condition. They will emphasize the relevance of Catholicism to modern times. Scenes from modern-day writings will be dramatized, then matched against teachings and writings of saints and Fathers of the Church.

ABC is sponsoring a new six-part documentary series called **World of the Mind** once a month on Saturdays at

4-5 P.M., EST. The program, originating on campus at Yale university, explores university research into the fields of art, drama, philosophy, medicine, and natural history.

Another welcome interloper in the eternal TV world of cowboys and detectives is **Our American Heritage**, NBC, Sunday nights from 8-9, EST. It continues to offer fascinating glimpses of history. On Jan. 24, viewers will see the life of John Charles Fremont, whose scientific and literary aptitudes coupled with his feats of exploration made him a unique figure in American history. On Feb. 21, an all-star cast will do **Shadow of a Soldier**, the poignant story of Ulysses S. Grant's last great battle, his struggle against cancer. James Whitmore will play Grant; Melvyn Douglas, Mark Twain; and Teresa Wright will be Julia Grant.

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WHAT'S NEW AND BETTER

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Church services can go on as usual during painting or repair work, thanks to a unique invention of the Climbin'-Simon Co., 427 Lexington Ave., New York City. "Climbin'-Simon" is a telescoping boom with a special mobile chassis which permits workmen to swing high in an arc in complete safety. It completely eliminates the need for cumbersome and unsightly scaffolding.

At the Chateau Richelieu, a New York City restaurant named after the famous cardinal, diners can satisfy their appetite and love of history. Recently introduced on the menu are authentic 17th-century dishes that the cardinal's chefs might have served. One fact uncovered by the researchers: the prelate's favorite dishes called for heavy use of mushrooms and truffles.

Families looking for a substitute for all-TV evenings should look into a new tabletop jig saw with attachments that can drill, sand, grind, engrave, and polish. Parents and youngsters can gather round the kitchen table and join in some do-it-yourself projects for the home and for gifts. The Dremel Manufacturing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., is the manufacturer of this fascinating mechanical gadget.

If you're in the throes of decorating nursery or playroom, take note of some engaging new wall plaques especially designed for small fry. The plaques, created by Terry Huntoon of Vinafloat, are three-dimensional, washable, and colorfast. Each plaque measures 11" by 14" framed and ready to hang. A set of four, \$6.95 or \$1.98 each, from Small Fry, Box 41, Woodland Hills, Calif.

There's a new alarm clock on the market guaranteed to keep peace in the family, asleep or awake. It has a plastic, heart-shaped buzzer device attached to it. When the buzzer is placed under a pillow, it will wake only the person sleeping above it. The Sessions Clock Co. of Forestville, Conn., which devised this ingenious unit, calls it Love Alarm.

A Travel Scrabble set is a welcome gift for word-minded travelers. The compact, booklike set comes with 100 letter tiles, a plastic bag, wood racks, and a plastic playing board that has small transparent knobs centered on each space. The tiles fit snugly when placed on the board and cannot be jostled during play. The price, \$7.95.

Everything is electric these days. Now there's an appliance that peels, pares, slices, dices, shreds, and de-eyes potatoes and other vegetables and fruits electrically. Its vibrating stainless steel blade does a quick, safe job, is handled just like a knife. It operates from any AC outlet. \$14.95, Cleveland-Detroit Corp., 5400 Brookpark Road, Cleveland 29, Ohio.



SO FRIGHTENED AND PATHETIC—HOLDING A PIECE OF A DOLL

This is Elena, Italian, age 3½. Her father is dead. Her mother, ill and worn cannot find work. With her own tired hands and with old pieces of wood and tin, she put together a pitiful shack. You can imagine how bitter cold it is in winter. Last year, Elena, trying to warm herself at their brazier went too close and fell in, painfully carbonizing her little left hand. Her mother writes: "She cried so very much that I promised myself that for the coming year my child would have warm clothes and a doll. Where can I find such things for my little one? How can I protect her and help her?" Won't you help little Elena or a child like her? Your help today means their hope for tomorrow.

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Wise Man From Peru

Dr. Belaúnde, a brilliant elder statesman, presides over the contentious family of nations

At 3 A.M., any morning from September to March, when the UN is in session, a 76-year-old man arises in the Barclay hotel in New York City and begins what he calls "the hour of God." He reads from the Psalms, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, and the mystics. After that he reads new books and newspapers until five or six; then sleeps again until seven or eight.

The man is Dr. Victor Andrés Belaúnde, president of the General Assembly of the UN, now in its 14th session. He has pursued this unusual daily regimen since the age of 30, awakening without an alarm clock and asking for God's direction for his daily period of meditation.

Dr. Belaúnde is a man of medium stature and dignified bearing. His lively dark eyes and springy step express the humor and zest

that see him through his long days.

He was born in the sparkling city of Arequipa, Peru, 7,500 feet above sea level. The city is also the birthplace of Alex Olmedo, the tennis player. Dr. Belaúnde says, "I suspect we are blessed with the same kind of nervous energy. It is characteristic of the natives of Arequipa."

Most days, he walks to nearby St. Patrick's or St. Agnes's for Mass and Communion. Then he proceeds to the striking UN building overlooking the East river.

He runs the assembly, which has been called "the nearest equivalent yet to a parliament of man," in a simple, unpretentious way, making few speeches. As a result of his early Carthusian scholastic training he seeks "order, clarity, logic, precision of ideas." He prays the prayer of St. Thomas for



"help at the beginning, and perfection at the end."

His favorite daily prayer is a prayer to the Holy Ghost. "Inspire me in what I am going to think; what to say and how to say it; when I should be silent; what to write and how to write it; inspire me to know how I can work for the glory of God and the benefit of my soul."

Not the least of Dr. Belaúnde's qualifications for presiding over a family of nations, with their conflicting interests and occasional discord, is the fact that he is a family man himself with eight children and 19 grandchildren.

Señora Belaúnde, the former Teresa Moreyra y Paz Soldán, has shared her husband's busy life since she married him in 1921. He was then a widower with two small daughters, Sophia and Mercedes. Those little girls now are wives and mothers themselves. Sophia's husband is director of the School of Pedagogy at Lima's Catholic university. They have ten children. Mercedes is the wife of a member of the Supreme Court of Peru, and is mother of six.

The Belaúndes' six children are Andrés, an agronomist; Anthony, in the diplomatic service and an expert in mathematical philosophy; Joseph, a musician, now working in Milan; Peter, a civil engineer; Martin, 21, a law student; and Teresita, one of the most beautiful women in Peru, who is married to José Hernandez Aguero, diplomat and cotton farmer.

Dr. Belaúnde brings to his present

important position a lifetime of skill acquired in two simultaneous careers: educator and diplomat.

He is a direct descendant of Juan de la Torre, who, with Pizarro, was one of the 13 founders of Lima. His grandfather was president of Peru. Since 1905, when he was 21, Dr. Belaúnde has represented his country in diplomatic appointments that took him to Bolivia, Uruguay, Colombia, Argentina, Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere. He was Peruvian delegate to the League of Nations in 1936, and has been prominent in UN affairs since the San Francisco Conference of 1945. He has been chairman of the Peruvian delegation at all sessions of the General Assembly since 1949.

His career as an educator has been equally distinguished. In 1912, having acquired doctorates in law, philosophy, history, and arts, he joined the faculty of San Marcos university in Lima. The institution, chartered in 1551, is one of the oldest universities in America. He was professor of international and constitutional law.

He has also taught Latin-American literature and history in many colleges and universities in the U.S. They include Columbia; Middlebury in Vermont; Williams in Massachusetts; the Rice institute, Texas; the University of Virginia; the University of Chicago; and Miami university.

At the Catholic university of Lima, where he has been a vice president since 1942, Dr. Belaúnde has

held the academic posts of professor of constitutional law and modern history; dean of the faculty of law and political science; and professor of international law. He recently received an honorary LL.D. from St. John's University in New York City.

He founded a literary review, *Mercurio Peruano*, which, with 41 years of continuous publication, is the oldest literary review in Latin America. He founded a summer school in 1939 at San Marcos in cooperation with the Catholic university. It continues to bring exchange students to Lima each year.

He also founded an institution of advanced learning in the home of the Peruvian historian Riva Agnero, who left a library of 30,000 volumes and a substantial fund to perpetuate it. Dr. Belaúnde calls it "the finest place in Latin America to make advanced study in philosophy, history, literature, and Catholic social concepts."

Dr. Belaúnde is considered one of the best literary stylists of his country. He is the author of many books on philosophy, law, and history, and has completed two books of a planned five-volume autobiography.

Why an autobiography? Because he would like to reveal something of his spiritual as well as his intellectual growth.

After a boyhood in Arequipa, he was sent to Lima to study. He credits a French priest there, Father Duhamel, a strict disciplinarian, with inspiring in him a love of religion, of nature, of France and Spain (their

languages, literature, and landscapes); of Latin and its literatures; and most of all, of French logic in thinking.

"I thought of myself as being thoroughly humanist," says Dr. Belaúnde. "But unfortunately, through extensive reading of positivism at the university, my faith became weakened, and at the age of 20 I was an agnostic.

"In the long fight back to Catholicism, I never stopped studying theory. There were ten years of agnosticism (1903-1912) under the influence of Pascal, Spinoza, and Kant; and 11 years as a Christian liberal (1912 to 1923). Pascal, revealing the divine nature of Christ, led me to St. Augustine. Spinoza, with his intellectual love for God that he describes so beautifully (love with a jealousy), and Kant, with his sublime concept of duty, sent me to St. Thomas and to Bergson, the French philosopher convert.

"After the death of my first wife in 1917, and before my second marriage, my one consolation was to go to Mass. The inspiring ideas of the liturgy led me back to the faith."

It was at Williams college, Williamstown, Mass., in 1923, that he returned to the Church and had his second marriage "consolidated" in it, as he puts it. He is now a member of the 3rd Order of St. Francis. He took part in the Eucharistic congresses of 1935, 1943, and 1948 in Cusco, Peru, and in 1954 in Lima, and was called upon to speak at each of them.

Dr. Belaúnde is grateful to the U. S. for her hospitality during his years away from his own country. He has found here "freedom, work, and friendship." He expresses admiration for many aspects of North American civilization, including the cooking. In Virginia he acquired a fondness for ham, hot biscuits, and ice cream.

He would like to see closer links between U.S. and Latin-American Catholics. He hopes to help bring about "a better comprehension and more just evaluation and appreciation of Latin-American countries.

"We have so much to share with each other: spiritual and cultural values. I resent the North American complex of superiority, the tendency of some U.S. journalists to portray us as 'childish.' Sometimes they pay too much attention to personalities, overlooking the spiritual values and long history of culture that entitle us to respect."

He warns, "Don't take our love for granted. Love is the key. Love means friendship. But, as Woodrow Wilson said, there can be friendship only in terms of equality and honor."



KID STUFF

A small boy became separated from his mother in the supermarket. He began calling, "Elaine! Elaine!"

A distracted woman rushed up to him and, after calming the boy down, she remonstrated, "But Bobby! You know it's not polite for you to call me 'Elaine.' You should always call me 'mother.'"

"Yes, I know," replied Bobby. "But this place is full of mothers, and I wanted to make sure I got the right one!"

Harold Helfer.



Little Stephen was making his first inspection of grandma's attic, his little hand holding tightly to grandma's apron. He spotted a pair of old-fashioned trunks with rounded tops. "Why grandma!" he exclaimed delightedly, "I never knew that grandpa was a *pirate*."

Mary Ann Larrivee.



Because the day was Thomas Edison's birthday, Feb. 11, the teacher had told her class something about his inventive genius. Her story made a profound impression on the nine-year-old son of a friend of mine. After school, as he ate cookies and drank milk in his kitchen, he told his mother about Edison's inventions: the electric light, the moving picture, the phonograph.

While she busied herself with kitchen chores, the boy reflected in silence about his new hero. "Just think, mom," he said with some awe. "If it hadn't been for Edison, we'd have to watch television by candlelight."

Ed Hasse.

George Washington's Health

*He would not have qualified
for the U.S. army today*

IF GEORGE WASHINGTON tried to enlist in the U.S. army today, he would probably flunk his physical examination. His medical history alone would almost certainly classify him 4F.

In Gilbert Stuart's famous portrait, Washington's face has a rosy glow. But his real complexion, as described by contemporaries, was rather sallow. The painter also re-touched pockmarks that deeply pitted the features, and he persuaded our first President to pose with cotton padding in his cheeks so as to conceal a distortion caused by ill-fitting dentures.

In other portraits, Washington's chest bulges in a manner befitting a soldier. But under the well-padded coat, his chest was flat and somewhat hollow in the center, probably as a result of childhood rickets.

Indeed, Washington was subject to a host of diseases during his lifetime. He suffered at least ten attacks of near fatal illness. Yet it is doubtful whether he had more than his share of sickness in an age in



which early death by disease was taken for granted.

When he was 17, he was licensed by William and Mary college as a public surveyor. On his first surveying expedition, he was bitten by malaria-carrying mosquitoes and promptly came down with what he noted in his diary as "ague." During later life, he was to have repeated bouts with this fever.

At 19, he accompanied his brother Lawrence to Barbadoes. The climate there, they hoped, would be kind to Lawrence, who was suffering from the "white plague" (tuberculosis), the No. 1 killer of the day. The trip

*551 5th Ave., New York City 17. August, 1955. © 1955 by American Heritage Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

proved a calamity in every way. George came down with smallpox. Lawrence was weakened rather than strengthened by the journey, and his condition grew worse. He died a few months later.

George Washington returned to Mt. Vernon, still weak from the smallpox, to find that he, too, had contracted tuberculosis. The infection showed up in the form of an acute pleurisy. He recovered slowly, and was in poor health for many months.

After two years, the tuberculosis must have been arrested, because in October, 1753, he was commissioned a major in the Virginia militia. During the next year he led a military force against the French at Ft. Duquesne and was badly defeated. Upon his return, he suffered another severe attack of malaria.

In 1755 the English general Edward Braddock asked Washington to join an expedition against the French and Indians. The campaign had not gone far before Washington again fell ill, this time with influenza. On the day before the battle of Monongahela, he rose from his sickbed so weak that he was barely able to mount his horse. The battle itself ended disastrously. Braddock was killed, his troops were routed, and Washington managed to withdraw the remainder of the detachment only after two horses had been killed under him and his uniform pierced by four musket balls.

Two years later he contracted dys-

entery, marked by high fever and a deep prostration which lasted for several months.

In January, 1759, he married the widow Martha Custis. Married life apparently agreed with his health. No illness is reported in his diaries until 1761, when he had another attack of what he thought was malaria, though it may have been typhoid fever.

Next came the longest period of health that Washington ever enjoyed. It included the wearisome years of the Revolutionary war.

But immediately after the war and his election to the Presidency, he fell ill once more with "ague and fever." He was treated by Dr. James Craik, who had been his physician and close personal friend for 32 years. Dr. Craik at this time tried "the bark" on Washington for malaria, with excellent results. "The bark"—Peruvian or Jesuits' bark—was that of the cinchona tree, the classical treatment for such fevers in those days.

But innumerable colds and large doses of quinine taken for malaria had produced a noticeable deterioration in Washington's hearing. In the last ten years of his life the deafness increased his natural diffidence and made it hard for him to carry on ordinary conversations. Those who thought him cold and aloof little suspected the real reason.

In 1790 the federal government moved from New York to Philadelphia. In the spring of that year, Washington suffered an attack of

pneumonia followed by an almost fatal relapse. "I have already within the year had two severe attacks, the last worse than the first," he wrote. "A third probably will put me to sleep with my fathers."

The exact nature of his last illness is still in dispute among medical historians. The most convincing study was made by Dr. W. A. Wells of Washington, D.C., in 1927. From all the known data Dr. Wells concluded that Washington probably died from streptococcic laryngitis. We are unable to estimate how much the treatment he received contributed to his death.

The nervous strain connected with the presidency was a great drain on his physical health, as with all other Presidents since. At 65, weary of public service, he declined to be nominated for a third term and retired to Mt. Vernon in the spring of 1797.

On Dec. 12, 1799, as was his custom, Washington was riding about his farm from 10 A.M. until 3 P.M. Rain and snow were falling.

Washington was a stickler for punctuality in all his affairs, meals included. On this day he was late for dinner. It was served promptly at 3 P.M., and the food was already on the table when Washington entered the house. Col. Tobias Lear, his secretary, observed that the general was soaking wet and that snow was sticking to his hair. Despite Lear's urging, Washington refused to take time to change his clothes, and sat down to dinner.

The next day he complained of a cold and sore throat. Colonel Lear suggested that he take some medicine, but Washington answered, "No. You know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came."

At 3 A.M. Washington awakened Martha and told her that he was feeling very ill. He was shaking with ague, could scarcely speak, and breathed with difficulty. Martha begged him to allow her to call the servants and fetch him some home remedy. But he refused to allow her to leave her bed for fear that she, too, would catch cold.

At daybreak a servant came and lighted the fire. Soon after, Colonel Lear arrived and found Washington unable to speak. He was offered a mixture of molasses, vinegar, and butter, but was unable to swallow a drop.

Rawlins, the overseer at the farm and a veterinarian, was sent for. He took a pint of blood from the patient, but there was no improvement. Dr. Craik appeared shortly after 9 A.M., and prescribed more bleeding. He also applied a "blister" of Spanish fly to the throat and ordered a gargle of vinegar and sage tea.

At 11 A.M. the bleeding was repeated, but the difficulty in swallowing and breathing did not improve. In the meantime, Drs. Gustav Richard Brown of Port Tobacco and Elisha Cullen Dick of Alexandria had been summoned as consultants.

Dr. Brown advised further bleeding. The younger Dr. Dick objected.

"He needs all his strength—bleeding will diminish it," he said. He was overruled by his two senior colleagues, supported by the good soldier Washington. A whole quart of blood was taken this time.

As a last resort, Dr. Dick suggested a revolutionary new procedure: cutting an opening in the windpipe (a tracheotomy—routine today). It was probably the only means by which Washington could have been relieved of the obstruction that was

choking him, but the older doctors refused to take a chance with their illustrious patient. Instead, they continued to apply blisters to the throat and "cataplasms" (poultices) of wheat bran to the feet as the slow process of suffocation went on.

"I find that I am going," Washington whispered to Colonel Lear. "I believed from the first that this disorder would prove fatal." And a little later, to Dr. Craik, "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go."

IN OUR HOUSE

I eavesdropped on my daughter the other day as she was playing with two little neighbor girls in the living room. A few "houseplaying" remarks were exchanged; then I heard the elder of the two neighbor girls speaking up very determinedly. "The man I marry will have to like dolls," she announced. Marguerite C. Clarke.



In our house, my wife was having the usual trouble in getting our six-year-old Robert to clean up his plate. I decided to take a hand in the problem. "Now, Robert," I said firmly. "Eat up your spinach like a good boy."

"Why?" he replied.

"Just eat it, that's all! It—it's good for your complexion!" cried my exasperated wife.

"And who wants green cheeks?" retorted Robert.

R. L. Tate.



The morning after a recent local election, I overheard our two daughters, Bridget, six, and Eileen, five, discussing the results. Their uncle, Gene Hammond, had run for mayor of our city, Kenosha, Wis.

"My godfather won the election," Eileen was bragging. "And now he's the mayor of the whole city!"

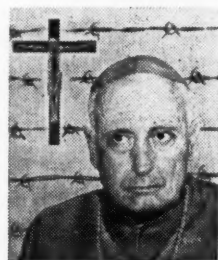
Bridget, obviously miffed, but not for long, came back with, "Yes, but my godfather didn't even play the game!"

Mrs. Timothy M. Lawler, Jr.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Mindszenty: Guest of the U.S.A.

*His legation refuge is comfortable,
but it is still a prison*



FOR THREE YEARS now Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty has occupied an apartment of the U. S. legation in communist-held Budapest. From his window he looks across a green city square where children play. It is called, ironically, Freedom Place, but the cardinal can never go to it. He would probably be arrested before he reached the first tree, to serve out a sentence of life in prison.

The cardinal takes the air, always accompanied by a legation officer, in a small paved courtyard where the sun hardly ever strikes. Much of it is occupied by power generators, and it is protected on only three sides by the legation. The windows on the fourth side belong to a Hungarian government building from which the police watch.

It was rather a shock the first time I saw him. That was some two months after Russian tanks had driven him to his refuge. The atmosphere in the legation is like that of any other government office: solid desks, piles of papers, dark green filing cabinets, and combination locks. The last person you would expect to

see there is a cardinal in traditional garb.

Yet there he was, a stocky old man with a melancholy look, in a long black cassock and red skullcap. He stood near the door of the man I was going to see, examining the contents of a bookcase. They were not books that could have interested him much. He looked at me and nodded politely, but said nothing. I assumed—quite wrongly—that we would be introduced and I would have a chance to talk with him.

As the only American correspondent stationed in Budapest, I was in the legation a couple of times a week for the next two years, but I never saw the cardinal during working hours again. Occasionally, when I dropped in during the evening or over a weekend, I would catch a glimpse of him walking quickly past an office door. The chief of mission never objected when I asked to attend the cardinal's Mass. But I could never speak with him, even off the

Mr. Hartman is an Associated Press foreign correspondent.

record, nor could I photograph him.

The explanation was that it would be irregular for him to use his refuge as a base for political activity. Anything he did—even down to being photographed—would be interpreted by the communists as political activity and could be used as an excuse to come in and get him.

One Sunday afternoon I went into the legation with the late Lisa Larsen, one of the most talented and audacious of news photographers. We were sitting on a big leather sofa chatting with the duty officer, when the cardinal suddenly appeared. Lisa looked at me as if to ask, "Is that who I think it is?"

I tried to make my look tell her, "Of course. Who do you think it would be?"

But it was too late, even for a girl as quick on the draw with a Leica as Lisa. The cardinal had walked rapidly by. The diplomat went on talking as if nothing had happened.

The cardinal's presence in the legation is in fact as unusual as it looks. The U. S. does not generally recognize any right of a foreigner to take refuge in its diplomatic missions. In Latin America most embassies grant sanctuary during sudden political overturns, but not the embassies of the U.S. Hungarian communists have great fun pointing out the exception made for the cardinal.

When he entered the legation, early on the morning of Nov. 4, 1956, the cardinal was just one element in the confusion. Soviet tanks

were attacking the city. The government had just collapsed. In Suez, America's allies were pressing the attack on Egypt despite frowns from Washington. In New York City the UN was in an all-night session of dramatic but futile debate. In the excitement and despair of that Sunday morning few people in Budapest would have been surprised to hear that an atomic bomb had dropped on Moscow or New York. Yet many people think that the asylum granted the cardinal has remained the most important action taken by the U. S. in Hungary.

The main room of the cardinal's three-room apartment is large and handsome but somewhat bare. In his quarters are half a dozen windows with roll-up wooden shutters. They are usually down now, and all that can be seen from the street are dark green wooden slats. The furniture is standard State department issue, comfortable, but coldly official. The armchairs are in black leather and the desk is the regulation one used by State department officials the world over. It becomes an altar when the cardinal says Mass.

He has a small radio, a record player, and an abundance of bookcases, but most of the books seem to be official State department records. The legation supplies him with any reading matter he desires. Sometimes it shows a movie for him.

After the first few months of his stay security officers installed a steel door as the only access to the 4th

floor. It is always locked, and opens from outside only by a combination. It opens from the inside by pressing a button, and there is, of course, nothing to prevent the cardinal from leaving if he wishes—except the Hungarian police on the sidewalk.

From his windows the cardinal sees not only the square but a monument to the "liberation" of Hungary by the Red army. It has been restored and regilded, following the damage suffered—like most Soviet memorials in Hungary—at the hands of the 1956 rebels. If the cardinal was looking out on April 4, 1958, as the rest of the legation was, he saw Nikita Khrushchev laying a wreath there.

The square is large, green and quiet, almost a small park. Unless you know the circumstances you might not notice the plain-clothes men—or the three cars with four men attached to each, reading newspapers, or listening to American jazz on their car radios. At least one of the three cars keeps its motor running.

Some of the Americans say there are as many as 40 or 50 plain-clothes men in the neighborhood. At night, when the legation usually shows a movie, they cluster at the door. They seem to think that the cardinal might disguise himself and slip out with the audience. The street lighting is poor, and a lot of anxious peering goes on.

The peering grew even more anxious one Halloween when the legation staff threw a costume party. It

would have been wonderful, one of the attachés suggested, if the guests had all come dressed as cardinals.

Members of the legation staff seem to take particular satisfaction in not answering questions about the cardinal, doubtless under strict orders from Washington. Not many details are permitted to leak. He is known to spend a good deal of his time writing, reading, and listening to radio news. His meals come from the legation snack bar, where they are prepared Hungarian style, with liberal flavoring of paprika. He usually takes a bit of wine, or a bottle of Danish beer. Thoughtful diplomatic wives send him flowers from their gardens.

Members of the legation staff seem to enjoy his company. He is usually good humored and enjoys a joke.

"Where shall we go today?" is his stock greeting to whatever diplomat accompanies him on the inevitable stroll around the paved yard.

He is a ready talker, and patient with anyone who wishes to practice Hungarian on him. He also speaks excellent German. He has been learning English, and even delivers short English sermons, but his pronunciation makes him difficult to follow.

The cardinal says Mass every morning. On Sundays at 9, Catholic diplomats in Budapest make an effort to go and hear him. This is when he tries his English sermons. He likes to have a full congregation of 15 or 20, but sometimes there are

only three or four. Foreign visitors, even reporters, are allowed to go if they promise not to report the event as spot news.

The cardinal's life is comparatively isolated. He sees some of the legation families from time to time: a few of the wives like to bake him a cake for special occasions. Some Catholics from other legations talk with him after Mass. Probably some way is found to bring in a doctor and a confessor, although no one will talk about that. And several times a year someone from the legation drives to the remote village of Csehimindszent, near the Austrian border, to bring the cardinal's mother and sister to the legation for a few days. Then they are driven home.

The legation does not permit the cardinal to have any official correspondence. Letters might be interpreted by the Hungarian government as political activity, and a ground for putting an end to his asylum. It would be surprising, though, if a man like the cardinal—with friends as jailers—did not manage to send out letters.

To understand the importance of the cardinal's position in Hungary, you have to go back far beyond the communist regime, far beyond the nazis, who also imprisoned him. Under old Hungarian law, church and state were closely allied. The monarch was an "apostolic king" with unusual rights in the appointment of bishops. The cardinal was not just the primate, but the "prince pri-

mate," with an important voice in political matters.

Hungary has had no king on its soil for 40 years, but monarchists could argue that the sovereignty of Hungary rests on the cardinal's shoulders. Americans may smile at this, but many Europeans take it quite seriously. Sustained only by the force of Soviet arms, the communists know that their own pretensions to legitimate authority are regarded by the people as even less well-founded.

In the first period after the Hungarian revolt, the communists would have been glad to have removed the cardinal to a relatively innocuous exile. There is evidence that they would have connived at smuggling him out of the country. This, however, was about the last thing the cardinal wanted to do. Abroad he would have been an eight-day publicity wonder, and then quickly and permanently forgotten. In the legation, though technically on U. S. soil and rarely mentioned in public, he has been a perpetual threat to communist peace of mind.

A period followed in which the communist regime apparently tried to provoke the cardinal and his American protectors into some action. There were attacks on him in the government press. He was accused of running the Church from the legation. The legation was charged with violating international law by keeping him. Prominent Catholics were arrested and tried for

their part in the revolt. The rumor was spread that the Pope had ordered the cardinal to leave the legation, and that he had refused.

Then the communists decided to ignore him, isolate him, and concentrate on the churches themselves.

This was more successful. Asked about the cardinal's future, communist Premier Ferenc Muennich sarcastically told a group of visiting American newsmen, "He can stay in the legation as long as he lives, and then he can go to heaven."

RELIGION IN THE CLASSROOM

I am a public-school teacher in West Bend, Ia. I am hired by the taxpayers to teach English, not religion. But I can't keep religion out of my classroom. It comes in without being invited.

How can I teach Shakespeare, for instance, without explaining the Biblical references? How can I teach speech without citing the Parables, or the essays of Emerson without discussing religious ideas? How can I teach respect for the convictions of others without explaining the regular appearance of fish on the Friday school-lunch menu? It is not possible to devise a curriculum that keeps God away. And even if it were, I've found, the students would bring Him in.

I remember a Catholic boy in the room softly singing *Adeste Fideles*, followed by the rest of the class singing the same words in English. Or a Jewish girl explaining her observance of the New Year to the speech class, or a Presbyterian boy selecting a chapter of Proverbs for an oral essay because he had just discovered their eternal wisdom.

I avoid assigning work dealing with religion *per se*, but when I asked students to select an article from two current magazines for a written report, half of them chose the article on immortality which I had conscientiously refrained from assigning.

No public school can begin to take over the function of teaching religion; that properly belongs to the church or synagogue. Yet I wish we had some such program on weekdays in our community. If students are to keep their religious convictions in order Monday through Friday, daily decisions of honor and rectitude must be made, and sometimes discussed, in the classroom.

How can I counsel "mixed-up" youths without asking them to recall lessons of morality learned at home and in church? How can I get young people to set high goals for themselves if I must merely tell them to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps?

"But I can't solve this problem by myself," a student said to me.

"Betty, there are many problems that I, too, can't handle without God's help," I told her.

When dusk falls and I am alone with the day's memories, I am thankful that God cannot be denied his place beside my big old war-surplus desk.

Martha Williams in *Guideposts* (Jan. '59).

The New Spirit of St. Louis

A hemmed-in city may have no place to go, but St. Louis has enduring reasons to be all dressed up

A CIVIC RHUBARB in St. Louis, Mo., in the 1870's kept local tempers near the fever point for several years. In 1876 the city of St. Louis was separated from St. Louis county, with which it had previously formed a judicial unit. The separation caused altercations among politicians, journalists, and other leading citizens. Newspapers called it "the great divorce."

The event had its comic-opera aspects, but it was to prove of vast consequence to one of America's most important cities. Because of it, St. Louis, once 4th among U. S. cities in population and now 8th, is hog-tied by boundary lines that make it the smallest of our major cities in total area.

In 1764, when Pierre Laclède Liquest picked the site for a fur-trading post, the cheapest, most abundant thing around was wide open space. He chose this spot on the west bank of the Mississippi 20 miles below the mouth of the Missouri simply as a good location for trading, not as the site of a great city. But as hordes of pioneers passed through, it soon became evident that a great commercial center was taking shape.



Substantial growth had occurred by the time St. Louis became a town, in 1808. Incorporating as a city in 1822, St. Louis became a part of St. Louis county. By 1876, the city had a population of 340,000. It was the principal port for a huge volume of river traffic. And it had linked east and west overland traffic by a monumental engineering achievement, Eads bridge.

For several years, however, St. Louis had been complaining about the taxes its people had to pay to still rural St. Louis county. Leading citizens said the city paid four out of every five county tax dollars, and "nothing ever comes back." (At the height of the debate, Joseph Pulit-

zer, then a reporter for a German-language newspaper, shot a lobbying county official in the leg.)

A "scheme of separation," approved by a referendum, provided for expansion of the city's area from 17.98 square miles to 61.37. Drafters of the plan said that area should be "ample for any probable growth." They were poor prophets.

Today St. Louis is flanked on the east by the Mississippi and on the west by a St. Louis county which is no longer rural. Even if the "great divorce" had not taken away the city's right to annex additional territory, it would be barred from doing so by 98 incorporated cities and towns. It is perhaps only a matter of time until St. Louis will give up its 8th spot in the population tables.

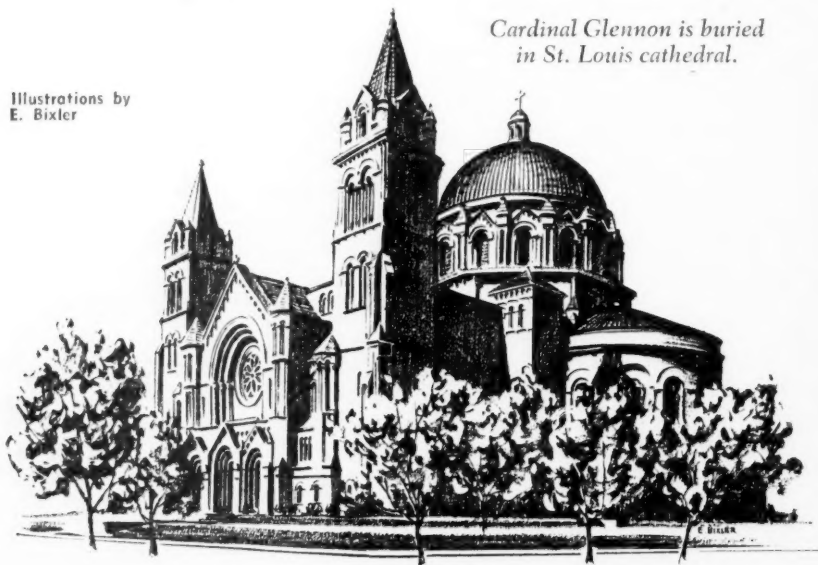
This prospect, however galling it may be to civic leaders, is not likely to disturb the average St. Louis citizen. Like the pioneers who settled around the original trading post, instead of going on toward the gold of California and the rainbow in the western skies, he finds St. Louis a secure, charming place to live.

In the matter of job security, he knows that St. Louis is one of the most highly diversified industrial cities in the nation. Of a possible 468 types of manufacturing, 347 are represented in the area. Strikes and recessions that slow down one piece of the economy leave many others unaffected.

St. Louis continues to be a thriving gateway for commerce and travel. It is the nation's second largest

*Cardinal Glennon is buried
in St. Louis cathedral.*

Illustrations by
E. Bixler



railroad and trucking center. It is the world's largest shoe-manufacturing center, and its leading brewery, Anheuser-Bush, Inc., still sells more beer than any of its competitors.

A waggish sports writer once described the Mound City as "first in shoes, first in booze, and last in the American league." This was not completely accurate, since St. Louis was never noted for either the distillation or consumption of large quantities of "booze." It was unpleasantly accurate with respect to the city's American league baseball entry, the old St. Louis Browns. They moved to Baltimore a few years ago after proving to be too consistently unexciting a team even for conservative St. Louis fans.

In the 1890's, and for some years thereafter, St. Louis was a very lively town indeed. Famous persons, and some infamous ones, patronized such distinguished purveyors of good living as Tony Faust's, McTague's, the Old Planters House, and the lavish Southern hotel. There were two horse-racing tracks: Fairgrounds park and the old Union race track. The former is now a popular public park; the site of the latter is now covered by industrial development.

Nowadays, the typical St. Louis family is likely to spend its free time entertaining at home, visiting friends, attending the city's world-famous municipal opera, seeing a play at the city's one legitimate theater (the American), watching the St. Louis Cardinals play in the sum-

mer time, or the Hawks basketball team in the winter. The citizens support one of America's finest symphony orchestras and snap up all available seats when a Metropolitan Opera star or a distinguished choir or ballet company makes an appearance at Kiel Municipal auditorium.

An old saying among vaudeville troupers was that the worst weeks for business in the year were Holy Week and a week in St. Louis. St. Louisans insist that the wisecrack is based solely on the city's unwillingness to waste its time on the mediocre entertainment which visiting troupers often promoted as stupendous. St. Louis would not support a minor-league professional football team which tried to establish itself a few years ago. Bush-league ice hockey also failed. On the other hand, more than 30,000 fans jammed Sportsman's park last year for a football game between the Chicago Cardinals and the Pittsburgh Steelers, for the benefit of the Cardinal Glennon Memorial hospital for children.

However shortsighted civic leaders may have been in setting the city's boundaries, they saw to it that ample space was set aside for parks. The largest, Forest park, contains 1,465 acres. It provides a setting for the magnificent alfresco theater where the municipal opera is presented nightly throughout the summer; the city's justly famed zoo; Jefferson Memorial, a building remaining from the 1904 World's Fair, which houses an astonishing exhibit

of the gifts commemorating Charles A. Lindbergh's crossing of the Atlantic in the single-engine plane *Spirit of St. Louis*.

The separate influences of various races on the culture of a city may be hard to define in a great melting pot like New York City, but in St. Louis, the results are easy to see. The French settlers, growing wealthy as the traffic of a new nation poured through St. Louis, still yearned for the symbols of good living of France.

So they built great mansions, furnished them with imported furniture, glassware, and art, and sent their children to Paris to be educated. They quickly established themselves as the social leaders of the community.

To the original French settlers must go a good deal of credit for the strong Catholicism of the city. While many of the German immigrants who came in a big wave in the 1830's were Catholic, too, as were most of

The Old Courthouse in St. Louis was the setting for an important chapter of the Dred Scott case.

Slaves were sold on the courthouse steps in the old days. The building now contains a museum.



the Irish immigrants of the same era, the original impetus came from the French.

Today, almost one of every three persons in St. Louis and St. Louis county is Catholic. Seven of every ten Missouri Catholics live in the St. Louis archdiocese. St. Louis university, a Jesuit institution, is the oldest university west of the Mississippi. The oldest church in the city is a Catholic church. St. Louis has an excellent public-school system, but there are also 143 Catholic parochial schools accommodating 67,000 pupils, and 35 Catholic high schools with enrollments totaling more than 15,000.

St. Louis was established as a diocese in 1826, and became the third archdiocese in the U. S. in 1847, when Bishop Peter Richard Kenrick was elevated to archbishop. He died in 1896. Archbishop John J. Kain held the office until 1903. Then, for 43 years, the archdiocese prospered under the administration of John Joseph Glennon.

In 1946, Archbishop Glennon was called to Rome to receive the red hat of a cardinal, making St. Louis the ninth archdiocese in the U. S. to have its bishop so honored. Cardinal Glennon never returned alive to St. Louis. He was fatally stricken abroad. His body was brought back to St. Louis and buried beneath All Souls altar in huge St. Louis cathedral. His passing was mourned by citizens of all faiths in the greatest funeral in the city's history.



*The Veiled Prophet's ball
is a great social event.*

In matters of religion, as in most things, getting along together is a part of the city's pattern for pleasant living. When, for example, the POAU recently tried to stop purchase of land in the heart of St. Louis for an extension of the campus of St. Louis university, an executive of an organization of Protestant clergymen came publicly to the aid of the Catholic institution.

In Civil war days, St. Louis, the principal city of a border state, was split in two on the question of supporting the Union or the Confederacy. In modern times, it might have been expected that the city would have extraordinary problems in the matter of school integration. When Archbishop Ritter established integration in Catholic schools, one North Side Irish Catholic did try to organize a rebellion, but the threat of excommunication cooled him off. The public schools were later integrated without incident.

Although Negroes were once sold on the steps of the city's famous Old Courthouse, and the historic Dred Scott case was heard in one of its chambers, St. Louis has never had Jim Crow sections on public vehicles. Today, Negro citizens are accommodated at St. Louis hotels and attend the theaters, though they have been unable to force civil-rights legislation through the Board of Aldermen.

St. Louis's one big annual social fete is the Veiled Prophet's ball, at which the daughter of a socially prominent family is chosen queen. It is rumored that the father of the lucky girl spends an enormous sum for gown, jewels, flowers, entertainment, and other essentials. The coronation is carried out with old-world pageantry.

You don't have to be listed in the social register to witness the coronation from a gallery seat, although it takes a bit of doing to get an invitation. And because St. Louis wants the Veiled Prophet festivities to be something more than a social showpiece, there is an annual parade featuring floats and bands, an exciting spectacle for a half million curb spectators.

Anyone visiting St. Louis today would have to agree that there are

few signs of a "city of decay," which a magazine called St. Louis a decade ago. The city doesn't intend to let itself be strangled. A corporation has been formed to promote a huge downtown sports stadium which, with its supplementary facilities, including a motel, will cost \$80 million. Construction is under way for handsome apartment buildings in the center of the city, just outside the downtown area. The razing of a large group of run-down structures in the so-called Mill Creek valley is being considered as a means of making room for new industries right in the heart of St. Louis.

Faced last year with the fact that the municipal government needed more revenue, the people of St. Louis voted by a lustrous majority to increase the city's tax on their earnings to 1% from half of 1%. The voting was made easier for them by the fact that St. Louis county residents, more than 50% of whom work in the city, would also have to pay the tax. The increase, citizens were told, was necessary to preserve the way of life to which they have become accustomed. That way of life isn't easy to define, but the memory of it can stir deep, complex, tender emotions in the breast of any person who has ever called St. Louis his home.

✧
Sign in a Chinese restaurant in St. Louis, Mo.: "Moo Goo Gai Pan—just like mother used to make."
Quote (6 Dec. '59).

✧
Sign in a Chinese restaurant in Milwaukee, Wis.: "Fortune Cookies. With Dire Predictions, 25¢ Extra."
Coronet (Dec. '59).

The Myth of the Catholic Vote

Research on Catholic voting shows the same pattern everywhere: no pattern

BETWEEN NOW and the national conventions next summer you will hear it said that "lots of people won't accept a Catholic" as a presidential candidate. You will also hear it argued that a Catholic candidate would "sew up millions of Catholic votes."

I wish I could dismiss the first statement as a myth, but I can't. Research shows there are still some people who would hesitate to vote for a man, regardless of his merits, because he happened to be a Catholic. Roughly, about 40% of the American people have expressed some doubt about the advisability of a Catholic becoming President. About 20% say flatly that they would not like to see a Catholic win. But how many would forsake the party of their choice to vote against a Catholic? My own estimate is from 6% to 8%.

However, I think I can dispel the myth of a captive Catholic vote. The nomination of a Catholic would *not* "sew up the Catholic vote." Catholic voters are just as free, unfettered, in-

telligent, and divided in their voting preferences as any other group.

Let's look at the evidence. In 1956, when 58% of the nation voted for Eisenhower, Catholics differed from the national average by only five percentage points: 53% of them voted for Eisenhower. As for Catholics voting for Catholics, our 1956 pre-convention polls showed that Catholics, *to precisely the same degree as Protestants*, had a slight preference for Protestant Estes Kefauver over Catholic John Kennedy as the Democratic vice presidential candidate.

Let's turn now to election results. In 1956 a group of social scientists undertook a detailed study of election statistics, which was released by Dr. Ralph M. Goldman and Dr. John H. Romani.

The study found that Catholic congressional candidates had indeed run ahead of the national ticket in 1952, but no farther ahead on the average than had non-Catholic congressional candidates. The report also analyzed election returns within states by areas of varying degrees of

¹25 W. 45th St., New York City 36. Oct. 31, 1959. © 1959 by Saturday Review, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Catholic concentration. Everywhere the same pattern showed up: no pattern. For example, in Montana in 1954 Senator Murray, a Catholic, surpassed the Stevenson vote of 1952 by 14.9% in Phillips county, which is 55.2% Catholic, and by an almost identical 14.8% in Judith basin, which region is only 19.6% Catholic.

In Rhode Island, whose Catholic population is proportionately the largest of any state, Senator Green, a non-Catholic, ran stronger in 1954 than Pastore, a Catholic, ran in 1952. In Illinois in 1954 Senator Douglas, a non-Catholic, did better in many areas where there was a heavy concentration of Catholics and did worse in many areas of low Catholic concentration than Sherwood Dixon, a Catholic, had done in the gubernatorial race of 1952.

In New York in 1954 Protestant Averell Harriman, running for governor, did better than Catholic Walter Lynch (running for the same office four years earlier) had done in counties like Clinton (59% Catholic) and Richmond (41.4% Catholic), and worse in such counties as Chenango (10.1% Catholic) and Delaware (4.3% Catholic).

An analysis of Senator Kennedy's 1952 vote in various parts of Massachusetts showed no relationship between the degree of Catholic concentration and the degree of Kennedy support. Indeed, Kennedy's largest margin over Stevenson (13.1%) came from the county with

the smallest percentage of Catholics: Barnstable county (27.2% Catholic). Berkshire county, 50% Catholic, produced only a .4% Kennedy lead over Stevenson, but Middlesex county (31.1% Catholic), gave Kennedy a 7.9% lead. And so it went throughout the state. The report concludes, "It is thus clear that whatever Senator Kennedy's special attraction to the voters may have been, it was not his Catholicism." Nor, I might add, did his Catholicism repel any significant number of voters in Massachusetts.

I am not suggesting that religion plays no important role in nominating conventions, because it sometimes does. Many delegates to such conventions are professional politicians whose standards of judging candidates are often different from those for whom politics is only a sideline. Moreover, many professional politicians still accept the myth that there is a "large solid Catholic vote." Naturally, they wish to secure it for their party by working for the nomination of Catholics.

We can only hope that both our politicians and our people will one day acknowledge what seems obvious to pollsters: that Catholics are many things. For example, they are not only Irish: they are Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, Poles. Catholics are liberals, and they are conservatives. Catholics belong to labor unions, and Catholics are unhappy about labor unions. They are Republicans, and they are Democrats.

By David Mazie
Condensed from the
Minneapolis "Sunday Tribune"*

Sorrow in a House

On Friday Jim Zimmerman had a wife and six children; on Saturday he was alone

A CHILL WIND rustled through dry cornstalks. Blackbirds swooped in a hazy sky. The quiet, thoughtful farmer looked across his land to autumn-colored woods and remembered, "Mike and I used to hunt squirrel there."

Nearby, red-and-white Herefords grazed. The farmer pushed open a creaking gate and walked into the pasture. "There's a lake in there. We'd all go on picnics quite often on Sunday after church. We had a picnic the Sunday before the accident."

On Friday, Sept. 11, Jim Zimmerman, of Waseca, Minn., had a wife and six children. There were Kathy, 12; Mike, ten, who had brought home blue ribbons this year in their first try at 4-H competition; Connie, nine; and Barbara, seven, who shared a doll house; Jimmy, six, already a little farmer; and Jan, two, who had begun to talk.

On Saturday, Sept. 12, Jim Zimmerman was alone. His wife Irene,



33, and the six children had been killed in a car-train crash as Mrs. Zimmerman drove the oldest ones to Sacred Heart school Friday morning.

"I had about everything I wanted in life," Zimmerman told me. "A good family, a good farm, a good future. But the Lord gave it to me, and it was his to take away."

Between two giant pine trees in the front yard hangs a swing, swaying slightly in the breeze. Crooked wooden slats nailed to another tree form a crude ladder.

"When boys reach the age where they can drive in nails, they get mighty handy," said Jim.

Brownie and Tippy, the two big Chesapeake dogs, ambled through the yard, searching old hide-outs for their playmates. They poked into the thicket of lilac bushes the children had called "the hideaway" and into

*425 Portland Ave., Minneapolis 15, Minn. Oct. 25, 1959. © 1959 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co., and reprinted with permission.

the two playhouses: a white one in the back yard and a green one in the front. Nothing there except a battered red wagon, an old croquet set, a hula hoop, and tricycles.

Zimmerman picked up a rack lying on the grass and carried it to the tool shed. He stopped for a moment inside and looked around. "This was their secret clubroom," he said.

Scrawled on the wall were the words: Blue Jay Clubhouse. Home-made pictures were pinned around the clubhouse corner. There were a few empty chairs.

A small blue-denim jacket hung on a nail. "I guess Jimmy must've forgotten it."

Zimmerman walked out and headed for the white frame house. A chicken scurried across the barnyard. Brownie, injured years ago in an accident, limped after a squirrel. The sun shone down on a crib of corn.

Zimmerman paused on the back porch. He always seemed to think a moment before speaking. When he talked, it was a slow, quiet voice that showed no bitterness or self-pity. "Those kids—they enjoyed life a lot," he said.

Inside the clean, comfortable house he went over to the kitchen cupboard. "Kathy was just learning to cook," he said, as he pulled out a *Betty Crocker Cook Book for Boys and Girls*. "She won a 4-H prize this year for her cookies."

The Zimmermans often used to gather for an informal party on Friday nights in the kitchen—usually

nectar and home-popped popcorn and games of checkers or Monopoly.

Although he still sleeps in his downstairs bedroom, Jim eats his meals next door with his mother, father, and two brothers. They help on his farm and on another family farm across the road. The meals often are wild game that Jim has shot.

"I used to go hunting a lot. But the pheasants aren't so plentiful this year, and I've just about given up squirrel hunting."

The basement of the farmhouse served as a storehouse and winter playground. A toy jeep lay overturned in a corner, next to a bird cage and half of a catcher's mask. I saw tennis rackets that needed strings, old Minnesota license plates, an eight-foot sled to hook up behind a tractor, and a blackboard still covered with children's drawings.

Zimmerman opened a walk-in freezer ("my wife's pride and joy") that held hundreds of pounds of meat and other supplies. Nearby were rows and rows of canned apples, peaches, and homemade cider.

"We were pretty well tooled up here to raise a family."

Jim Zimmerman met Irene Miller some 20 years ago when they were classmates in Sacred Heart school. He was president of his class. She was valedictorian.

Three years after graduation they were married and came to live on the farm where Jim's grandfather had homesteaded more than 65 years before. As their family grew, they even-

tually pushed Jim's father and mother and brothers out of the big house

into a new, smaller home right next door.

POSTSCRIPT TO DISASTER

Mrs. Zimmerman at the time of the tragedy was driving her children to school in the family car.

M. J. Hagerty, supervisor of transportation for the Minnesota Department of Education, reports that the last accident in Minnesota involving a school bus and a train occurred more than 30 years ago at Carleton, Nov. 22, 1929. There were 17 children in the bus but none was injured.

The wife of a Lutheran pastor in Appleton, Wis., has called the disaster that took the lives of Mrs. Zimmerman and her six children "a sad indictment of our Christian faith." Mrs. Wilbur Troke, in a letter to the Appleton *Post-Crescent*, pointed out that Mrs. Zimmerman had been driving her children to the Catholic school because free bus transportation was denied parochial-school children.

"I protest the laws of the state," she declared, "which deprived the Zimmerman children of free transportation to school, of whatever kind, when such transportation was necessary and when those parents were contributing to the provision of such facilities for other children through their taxes."

NCWC (24 Oct. '59).

Jim and his wife worked as a team. In a pine-paneled den, just off the dining room, he pulled out the clipping of a story she had written about the Crane Creek watershed, a project for which Jim was chairman. "She was a wonderful wife."

Another clipping showed a picture of several South Americans who toured the farm in July. "I've been trying to get in touch with them," Jim said. "They have the only picture of me and my whole family together."

Upstairs, the children had shared three bedrooms that had low, slanting ceilings.

In Jimmy and Mike's room, a dresser top was cluttered with birds' nests filled with brown, speckled, and turquoise eggs; a crimson feather; a kewpie doll; a piece of rusty pipe; a long, bent nail; a wooden rubber-band gun; a plaster-of-Paris dog.

A small window looked out onto the barnyard and its real sheep, pigs, and chickens. Near the window was a toy farm made by the boys' grandfather. A sign, Pinedale Stock Farm—the name the Zimmermans use—hung broken from one post.

"That Jimmy, he would have been a farmer some day," said Jim. "Every time he got a dime he'd go out and buy a plastic animal."

Toy animals and birds' nests were replaced by dollhouses and pink-covered beds in the room shared by Connie and Barbara. Pinned on the

wall above each bed were notes from the girls' mother. One read:

CONSTANCE

Brush Teeth twice a day
Say prayers
Make bed
Pick up Shoes
Set table by 12 & 6
Practice Piano 15 minutes
Clean downstairs bath
Dry dinner and supper dishes

Bobby pins, a bottle of perfume, and the trombone she played in the school band were left in Kathy's room. Jan had slept there until a few days before the accident, when she was moved to a room of her own.

"Jan was the lucky one," Zimmerman said. "Smart as a whip—and so pretty."

In every room, books were piled on the shelves: *The Wonderworld of Science*, *Fun with Dick and Jane*, *Roy Rogers and the Brasado Bandits*, *Miniature Stories of the Saints*.

"Their mother was a great believer in books," explained Zimmerman, "and it's the mother that makes the home."

Back downstairs, Jim paused in the dining room and kicked his heel against the linoleum floor.

"We had this put in just a week

before the accident—sort of a dance floor. Kathy was learning to dance."

He sat down on a green overstuffed chair in the living room and touched a finger to the upholstery. "Kind of worn. But that's what happens with six kids in the house."

He thought a moment, went into the dining room, and came back with a box full of hundreds of cards and letters: from places like Reseda, Calif., Brooklyn, N.Y., Atlanta, Ga., Olympia, Wash., Little Chute, Wis., Turtle Lake, N.D.

"People everywhere, of all faiths, have written me. This winter, on some long, cold night, I'll sit down and read the letters over again."

Many of his old and new friends sent money. Zimmerman has turned it over to be used as a memorial at Sacred Heart school, where he met his wife and where the children were headed Sept. 12.

"As far as the material world is concerned, I've lost everything," he says. "But as far as the spiritual is concerned, I've gained considerably. I've just been floating these last few weeks, living pretty much day to day. I don't know for sure about the future."

He looked out the window, up past the tops of the two tall pines that supported the empty swing.



It is not the shilling I give you that counts, but the warmth that it carries with it from my hand.

Miguel De Unamuno in the *Christian Science Monitor* (22 Nov. '59).

Gene Fowler: Quiet Convert

*And great biographer of
reformed backsliders*



GENE FOWLER suspects that whatever success he has had as a writer he owes to the fact that he has kept his mouth closed and his ears open. He has kept his own counsel as a Catholic convert pretty well for nine years now. At first he shied away from talking about it at all, but if asked about his "secret" today he will tell you that with a little extra guidance he might have become a Catholic 50 years ago.

As a boy on one occasion he was even *thought* to be a Catholic. His best friend in Denver was Edward Killian Sullivan, a Catholic neighbor whose father claimed he was the youngest man in the Union army, having been a drummer at 11. Gene and Ed were comparing bicycles in the basement of St. Joseph's Catholic church. Gene was raised back of the church. Their bikes, they discovered, were exactly alike, except that Gene's had a coaster brake. Gene kept looking around the basement. Sullivan asked him what he was looking for. Gene said he was looking for a rifle.

"A rifle? A rifle around here?"

Gene said that was what he was looking for. "And a cannon, maybe."

"Who said they're here?"

"My grandmother. She said the Catholics are getting ready to murder everyone, even Methodists. And she's a Methodist."

"I thought you said your people were Irish."

"Sure. Protestant Irish. From County Cork. They were persecuted by the Catholics. My grandmother called them 'papists,' and she has hated them ever since."

Sullivan didn't seem interested in her but he, too, would like to get his hands on a rifle. He and Gene hunted every corner of the basement but they could not find any arsenal.

They did, however, run into Father Edward Cantwell, who mistook Gene as a visitor from St. Leo's, a neighboring parish. He said he understood the boys had been cleaning bricks from a dismantled building. It turned out it was the office of the old

Denver *Register*, and that the building of the Catholic diocesan newspaper had been sold to the Mormons, who were building a tabernacle of the bricks salvaged from the plant. Father Cantwell learned that several Catholic kids were getting 50¢ a hundred to knock the mortar off the bricks. He told the boys to let the Mormons do it themselves.

"And see to it, young man," he said to Gene, "that you are a credit to your own parish and to your good Catholic parents."

After Gene had recovered from the sudden honor of having been received, as it were, into the Church, he went back to Sullivan on the matter of rifles. It turned out, though, it was just one of the canards that bigots circulate every ten years or so.

The Sullivans were very good to Gene and welcomed him to a meal any time he was around. Mr. Sullivan treated him like a son. This pleased Gene because his own father had deserted him before Gene was born and after that the boy floated between the Wheelers, his grandparents, and the Fowlers—his divorced mother having married Frank Fowler. Having three names before he was seven years old didn't make him feel rich. In fact, the more fathers he got the more fatherless he felt.

His next meeting with a Catholic priest was even more fortuitous, for it turned out to be the priest who was to give him instructions 30 years later, and in June, 1950, receive him into the Church. That was Msgr.

Hugh McMenamin, a priest attached to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Heart, then in the process of construction. By that time Gene had dropped a \$12-a-week job to become a reporter on the *Denver Republican* at \$6 a week. He eventually got up to \$30, but said he was getting \$45.

Father McMenamin arranged for Gene to interview Bishop Hanna, later Archbishop of San Francisco. This gave Gene access to all the inside news connected with the dedication of the new cathedral.

Gene's grandmother didn't see what he saw in "these papists, or what they see in you. You're beginning to smell of incense." But Gene was proud of those friendships. "As for Monsignor McMenamin," said Gene, "he kept his eye on me wherever I went—New York, Hollywood, and all the rest. He only referred to the good I had done, which was little enough to escape most men's notice, and said nothing about the rest."

And what was the rest? Well, after having worked on the righteous *Rocky Mountain News* and the not-so-righteous *Denver Post* he took Damon Runyon's advice and left for New York, where he became a sports editor of the *New York Mirror*. A year later he was elevated to managing editor of the *New York American*, another Hearst paper. After a year there he managed to swing high, wide, and handsome as managing editor of the *Morning Telegraph*, a racing and Broadway daily. Gene decided it should become the

center of New York journalism. He lasted only a year on that cerebral binge, and then began writing books of his own.

He had a fair success with *Trumpet in the Dust*, *The Love Guru*, and *Shoe the Wild Mare*, but he didn't hit the jackpot till he wrote *The Great Mouthpiece*, which dealt with the bawdy and boisterous life of a renegade Catholic, William J. Fallon, a criminal lawyer who even stooped to crime to get a client off the hook.

Then followed several biographies of cradle Catholics who had fallen from their cribs at an early age and after a lifetime of loose living had crawled back to the confessional, like so many prodigal sons, to ask forgiveness for their sins.

From *The Great Mouthpiece* through *Father Gander* (Mack Sennett) to his last in the field, *Beau James*, the life of Jimmy Walker, Gene had seen repentance come to the sinner over and over again.

But he was not quite the crony of the rest of them as he had been to John Barrymore. When he saw that genius run through four wives and barrels of bourbon, only to grab at the straw of God's mercy before dying, Gene got the idea. He showed his compassion in *Good Night, Sweet Prince*.

In addition to these salvaged backsliders Gene saw writers like Heywood Broun, Jim Tully, J. P. McEvoy, and, most unbelievable of all, George Jean Nathan, lean against

the Vatican wall when all else had failed.

Then, too, his son Will, who must have seen the moral in Gene's writings that was eluding Gene himself, began taking instructions and eventually brought his wife and four children into the Church with him. That this had a final salutary effect on Gene himself cannot be doubted. "I didn't know Will was taking instructions," he explained, "and I was keeping my own plans to myself."

He was telling me this as we were seated in his study, which his boys had built for a workshop. When they married and set up homes of their own they bestowed the workshop upon Gene. For an author's study it seemed as neat as a Trappist's cell, and not much larger.

Opposite the entrance was a small stained-glass window, and around the walls hung mementos, mostly hats of his heroes—Barrymore's, Durante's, Walker's, Fields', Skelton's, and in a special place above his head where he sat down to write, a white skullcap which had been given to Gene by His Holiness, the late Pope Pius XII.

Not until he wrote *Schnozzola*, the life of Jimmy Durante, did Gene portray a man he could admire from beginning to end. Durante, forced to perform, like the rest of them, in the lawless surroundings of New York niteries during Prohibition, remained uncorrupted, a good practicing Catholic from infancy to the present time. He proved it could be done.

It was during the writing of the Schnozz's story that Gene decided that this gay faith was for him. Gene saw that it was basically a religion of hope, that the Resurrection, not Christ's death on the cross, was the real climax of Catholic doctrine.

The day I last visited him in his Brentwood home, a fashionable suburb between Los Angeles and the sea, Gene and his wife, who was Agnes Hubbard when he married her in Denver 46 years ago, were telling me about an old lady Gene had seen at church a few days before. He laughed every time he thought of her plight. It seems it was the Sunday morning when time changed from daylight saving to standard and she had forgotten to set her clock back. She was berating the pastor because there was no priest in the confessional. "There won't be for an hour," the pastor explained, "the time changed last night."

Here was a small conflict, and

news is always a conflict. As for himself, he does not think his conversion is news. "There is no news in a soul at peace with God."

Tall, well set up, handsome really, Gene will be 70 next March 8. "The first thing I read these days are the obituaries to see if I died yesterday," he laughed. For all his robust appearance he nevertheless has to be careful of his health. He has had a bad cardiac attack.

He is working on *Skyline*. It deals with his years in New York in the Roaring 20's, just as *Timber Line* dealt with his years in Denver under the lawless dynasty of Tammen and Bonfils. *Skyline* is half completed. It is safe to say that it will show a new Gene Fowler, not the glorifier of hounds from hell but a new author, a man of quiet faith, compassion, and understanding humor, because from here to the end he will be writing about the Gene Fowler nobody knew: the quiet Catholic.

— IN CATHOLIC DIGEST NEXT MONTH —

• Art Linkletter, that man on TV who asks kids questions and gets the darndest answers, comes up with some answers of his own for parents who find their children easy to love but hard to handle. The piece is condensed from his new book, *The Secret World of Kids*.

• Phyllis McGinley has something good to say for a bad education. At least, she is happy that her own education was so much neglected that she didn't get to read the best books until she was grown up enough to appreciate them. From *The Province of the Heart*.

• Eddie Cantor tells today's teen-agers what it really means to be a success. From another book just off the press, *The Way I See It*.

Getting Along With Your Boss

The first step is to recognize that he is human



WORKING with the boss is something most of us have to do. Dealing with authority in any form is a serious problem for many persons. The supervisor, president, tax collector, or policeman becomes a father, censor, or some other psychological symbol. So it is with the boss. We are likely to transfer our own frustrations to him. Or again, we may credit him with wand-waving powers possessed only by one of Cinderella's relatives.

To get along with your boss try to understand him neither as an ogre nor demigod, but as a human being. You are dealing with two persons. He is the person his upbringing has fashioned; and he is his job. No matter what kind of person he is, he is also a bundle of responses to the requirements of his position. Within certain areas and at certain times he responds as a private individual. The rest of the time he is concerned only with the good of his organization.

Your first responsibility toward your boss is to understand *his* responsibilities. To regard him, favorably or otherwise, in his private aspect alone is to confuse matters. Neither you nor he can divest yourselves of your personalities, but you can easily make the mistake of seeing only one side of him.

By reason of his position, an executive has a greater knowledge of the relation of a problem to the whole organization than you have. His frame of reference is nothing less than the organization itself. Your solution to a certain problem may be as good as you think it is. But the right answer, from the point of view of the organization, may be otherwise.

McCurdy proposes to the head of his company that he buy a farmhouse with lake and woodland and make it into an employees' recreation

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center. The price is low, the place is attractive. McCurdy is certain the employees will contribute time and labor to make it usable. He is enthusiastic about improving company-employee relations and morale by this move.

Wiley, the head man, agrees that the plan has much merit, but he points out that the company cannot do anything about it just then. McCurdy goes away thinking Wiley unimaginative. He does not know that Wiley is under pressure from his board of directors to reduce the salary budget. Wiley realizes that until this problem is settled, McCurdy's proposal would be misconstrued by the employees.

The boss must always be concerned about the equilibrium of the organization. He sees your problem and your solution as a master mariner might look on a load of cargo. Can his vessel carry the burden? An addition to the staff, the purchase of a new machine, a change in procedure—any proposal, desirable in itself, might throw the company out of trim. And the head of an organization, like the skipper of a ship, always has in the back of his mind that his first duty is to keep the organization afloat.

Part of your job, as a loyal and effective member of the organization, is to appreciate this central duty of the boss. Part of what you are being paid for is to increase his effectiveness.

You can work with your boss cre-

atively in many ways. Without saying so, you can show him that it is as much a part of your job to cooperate with him as to do anything else you are hired to do. In so doing you do not surrender your self-respect. Every job has a creative side. Elevator operators, janitors, cafeteria workers, and others who deal with employees and with the public can contribute much to the morale of an entire organization by mere cheerfulness, courtesy, and good service. A bus driver in Cleveland keeps his passengers cheerful by delivering a sightseeing spiel as he covers his route. He is supporting his boss by contributing something special to the success of the company.

One of the best ways to help your boss is to save his time. Before you take up that problem with him, try not to. If you do not, you may have donated 30 minutes to him, thus helping him to accomplish his day's work. If you must go to him, let him know quickly what the dimensions of the problem are.

Boil the problem down. (If it takes you a long time to summarize it, you probably do not understand it.) Try to avoid just dumping the problem in your boss' lap and making him start from scratch in figuring out a solution.

Just getting up statistics for a conference with the boss is not enough: a shopping list is not a square meal. If you are not able to answer simple questions, he may put his faith in somebody else.

If you must go to the boss for a decision, make it easy for him to decide. If you know he will want the opinion of a certain other person, consult that person yourself first, if it is proper. The boss is presumably busier than you are and less interested in your problem than you are. You can save time by having your problem so tidied up that he can make a decision when you see him.

Be sure your analysis of the situation includes not only alternatives but also the consequences of your plan. And remember, unsupported opinions are worthless. As someone once said, "You have no more right to an opinion you cannot defend than to a pint of beer you cannot pay for." But if you have a preference among several solutions of a problem, express it. Your clear-cut defense of your idea will sharpen the boss' thinking. Your duty is to try to help him find the best answer. If he doesn't take your suggestion, and guesses wrong, he is not going to forget that you were right.

Before you discuss problems with your boss, be sure that you know your job. Know where things are. Know what's going on. If you are in charge of other workers, know something about them. If the boss asks about one of your subordinates, be able to give him a thumbnail biography.

Always have at the tip of your tongue the most significant figures connected with your work. If figures confuse you, you have all the more

reason for memorizing the key ones. Have in typewritten form an understandable summary of the current figures about your activities. Take it along to every important conference with the boss. It always makes a good impression if you can produce the answers to factual questions instantly. Whatever happens, you will be reassured if you know you are ready.

Try to make it easy for your boss to say Yes. Apart from the merit of a proposal, can you think of any concession that you might legitimately make? It will be better for you to suggest giving up something than to wait for the suggestion. If, for instance, you are asking for new equipment, try to get a good offer for the old equipment before you make your request.

Every leader uses some of his talents in trying to get his associates to use theirs. Abraham Lincoln used to prepare military plans for his generals to consider, always with the thought that they would stand up to him. He would feel uneasy if the military men took the suggestions of the commander-in-chief as orders or adopted them without debate. Your boss' ideas deserve courteous consideration; so do your own. You are letting him down, however, when you treat his ideas with subservience. His suggestions are often meant merely to start the ball rolling. When your habitual reaction is agreement, he feels more frustrated than complimented.

Reluctance to take on difficult as-

signments and scrupulous insistence on your rights are not ways of proving to the boss that you are eager to help him. Anyone who is fearful that he may fail an assignment or that someone is putting something over on him is too insecure to carry much responsibility.

Here are 11 good ways to deal with a boss.

1. Never tell the boss that everything is all right when you do not know whether it is or not. If you do not know the answer to his questions, say so, but add that you will find out at once. Then do so.

2. Give the boss warning when a serious problem is shaping up.

3. Get his approval in advance for any unusual action. That's always easier than trying to square yourself with him later on.

4. When the boss presents a proposal to you and you honestly agree with him, say something like, "Your plan is a good one. I'll do my best to carry it out." Do not say, "Well, that's what you want me to do, then?"

5. In presenting a problem to your boss, play down its negative aspects. Omit the faults of the other fellow. Above all, do not remind the boss of the obvious: how little time you have, how shorthanded you are, how much more money you should have. Let your attitude be one of shared interest: "What can we do?"

6. When your business is settled, get out.

7. Do not talk shop with the boss

out of hours, particularly at social gatherings.

8. If you have sent the boss a report that he has not had time to read, wait until he does before asking him about it.

9. If things are not going well, remember that the boss is worrying about the *total* problem. Buck him up by digging into the problem, by not gossiping, and by being cheerful.

10. Don't be afraid to applaud a good play by the boss.

11. Finally, mix a little charity into your dealings with the boss. If he's not always patient, sympathetic, or attentive, do not take it as a personal affront. That just gives him one more problem to straighten out. While you are talking to him about a minor problem, he may be worrying about a major dilemma.

Doctors say that the most common complaint among executives is nervous fatigue. Your boss's tired feeling comes not so much from worry as from unrelenting concentration. He moves from one problem to another. They are serious problems, carrying serious consequences if they are not resolved. They call for a high degree of creative thought. They all have iron deadlines. No matter what tricks the boss uses to relax, he cannot dodge unsolved problems. The pressures on him may vary, but they are always there.

Your best way of improving your ability to work with your boss is to improve yourself. First, try to see the big picture of your organization (the

boss's-eye view of it). Keep your eyes and ears open. Get your colleagues to talk about their work. Listen. Read. Thus you can develop your understanding of all the areas and of most of the problems that concern your boss. Second, give some part of

every day to continuing your education. If you have reason to know something about accounting or law or typography, take a course. The best way for you to prepare yourself to work with your boss is to keep on growing.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

BY G. A. CEVASCO

Of the more than 3,000 languages of the world, none has so vast and varied a vocabulary as English. Our language contains words drawn from every quarter of the globe, all periods of history, and all great civilizations. It is estimated that more than half of our English words come from Latin. A comparatively small number of Latin words has supplied us with thousands of words.

In Latin, *cor*, *cordis* means heart, mind. Twelve words from this root (*cor*, *cord*, *cour*) are listed in Column A. Can you match them with their meanings found in Column B?

Column A

Column B

- | | |
|-----------------------|---|
| 1. <i>cordiality</i> | a) Heart-shaped. |
| 2. <i>cordiform</i> | b) Brave; possessing firmness of mind; dauntless. |
| 3. <i>corer</i> | c) To agree; "hearts in harmony"; concurrence. |
| 4. <i>concord</i> | d) Agreement on Church matters between the Holy See and a sovereign state. |
| 5. <i>discordant</i> | e) A liqueur; tending to revive or cheer; hearty. |
| 6. <i>recorder</i> | f) Central or innermost part; "heart" of something. |
| 7. <i>accord</i> | g) Warmth of regard; heartiness. |
| 8. <i>concordat</i> | h) Agreement by stipulation or treaty; state of agreement. |
| 9. <i>concordance</i> | i) Instrument used to remove the "heart" of something, especially certain fruits. |
| 10. <i>courageous</i> | j) Quarrelsome; "not minded to agree"; unharmonious. |
| 11. <i>core</i> | k) One who commits to writing; device used to reproduce sound; type of flute. |
| 12. <i>cordial</i> | l) Alphabetical index of the words in the work of an author, with reference to the pages in which they occur. |

(Answers on page 48)

California probably has more *Saints* to the square mile than any other state in the Union. A quick look at the map shows us Santa Ana, Santa Monica, Santa Catalina (St. Catherine, though few realize it when they speak of Catalina island), Santa Rosa, Santa Clara, San Fernando, San Pedro, San Rafael, San Mateo, San Diego (St. James), San Luis Obispo (St. Louis the Bishop) along with Merced (Mercy) and Trinity counties.

Arizona has Las Cruces (The Crosses), along with a Santa Cruz county. New Mexico has Angel's Peak, the Fra Cristobal (Friar Christopher) range, a San Pascual mountain, and a San Francisco of its own. In Texas we find San Antonio, San Jacinto, San Patricio, San Saba, and Corpus Christi (Body of Christ).

Louisiana, settled by the French, calls its administrative divisions parishes instead of counties. Among its 64 parishes are St. Landry, St. Martin, St. Mary, St. Charles, St. Bernard, St. Helena, and St. John the Baptist, while two other parishes are named Ascension and Assumption.

Canada, especially the Province of Quebec, has a great array of French names of faith. The St. Lawrence river and the Laurentian mountains are both named after St. Lawrence, having been discovered on the feast day of the saint in 1535. One of the longest religious names in Quebec province is that of the municipality of the Parish of La Visitation de la Sainte Vierge de l'Isle du Pads (The

Visitation of the Blessed Virgin of the Island of Pads).

In Quebec province we find an offering to the saints unequaled anywhere else: St. Jean, St. Maurice, St. Jerome, St. Théophile, Ste. Euphémie, Ste. Madeleine, St. Pamphile, St. Philippe de Neri, St. François du Lac (St. Francis of the Lake), St. Paul l'Ermite, Ste. Anne de Beaupré. These are interspersed with such names as Epiphanie, Assomption, Sacré Coeur de Marie (Sacred Heart of Mary), Notre Dame du Rosaire (Our Lady of the Rosary), Notre Dame du Portage. Even L'Ange Gardien (The Guardian Angel) was remembered by the early French settlers.

Latin America offers religious names everywhere. Vera Cruz, in Mexico, is True Cross. The Central American country of Salvador is named after the Saviour. Cuba has its Sancti Spiritus (of the Holy Ghost). Argentina has Milagro (Miracle) and Rosario (Rosary). Paraguay has Asunción (Assumption).

Both Paraguay and Chile had cities named Concepción (for Immaculate Conception). Colombia has Purificación, and Brazil's Belem is Bethlehem. Honduras has a Cabo Gracias a Dios (Thank God cape); Peru has the Madre de Dios (Mother of God) river; Bolivia has San José de Chiquitos (St. Joseph of the Little Ones). There is a Natal off the coast of Brazil, and another one in South Africa; both commemorate

Christmas in the Portuguese form (the South African Natal was first touched by Vasco de Gama on Christmas day, 1497).

Indonesia has a group of islands with a Dutch religious name, Groote Paternoster Eilanden (Big Our Father Islands). Europe has fewer religious names than you might expect; most of the localities were already named when Christianity reached them. Still, we have in Italy the independent republic of San Marino, founded by a saint who escaped the persecutions of the Emperor Diocle-

tian. On the British coast we encounter capes known as St. Alban's head and St. David's head.

The professedly godless Soviet Union has not changed all its religious place names. In the northernmost part of Russia, on the frozen White sea, is the seaport of Arkhangelsk. This town was built around a monastery founded in 1584, and was named after the Archangel Michael. When the communists came to power, they changed many of the old city names, but kept the name of the City of the Archangel.

ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 45)

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|-------------------------------|---|
| 1. cordiality (kor-jial'i-ti) | g) Warmth of regard; heartiness. |
| 2. cordiform (kor'di-form) | a) Heart-shaped. |
| 3. corer (kor'er) | i) Instrument used to remove the "heart" of something, especially certain fruits. |
| 4. concord (kon'kord) | h) Agreement by stipulation or treaty; state of agreement. |
| 5. discordant (dis-kor'dant) | j) Quarrelsome; "not minded to agree"; unharmonious. |
| 6. recorder (re-kor'der) | k) One who commits to writing; device used to reproduce sound; type of flute. |
| 7. accord (a-kord') | c) To agree; "hearts in harmony"; concurrence. |
| 8. concordat (kon-kor'dat) | d) Agreement on Church matters between the Holy See and a sovereign state. |
| 9. concordance (kon-kor'd'ns) | l) Alphabetical index of the words in the work of an author, with reference to the pages in which they occur. |
| 10. courageous (ku-ray'jus) | b) Brave; possessing firmness of mind; dauntless. |
| 11. core (kôr) | f) Central or innermost part; the "heart" of something. |
| 12. cordial (kor'jial) | e) A liqueur; tending to revive or cheer; hearty. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

By Dr. Anton F. Bruun
As told to Wesley S. Griswold
Condensed from
*"Popular Science Monthly"**

Sea Serpent to Starboard!

A marine biologist thinks we might catch a real one if we fished in the right place at the right time.

I HAVE NEVER seen a giant sea serpent, but I have a good reason for believing that such a creature exists. At least, I know that somewhere in the seas there must be eel-like fish of enormous size. I have seen one of them in what you might call its tadpole stage. Even then, it was six feet long. That is 24 times as big as the average fresh-water eel is at that point in its growth.

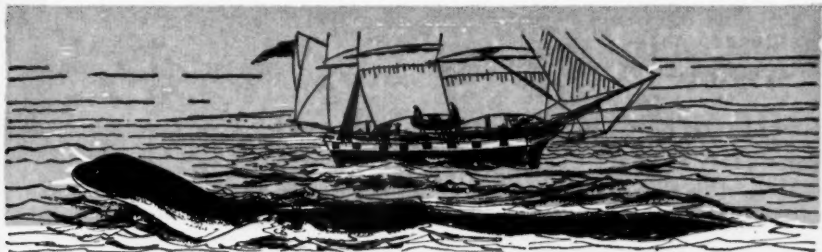
I saw this extraordinary specimen on a February night in 1930. I was a young zoologist aboard a Danish trawler on an expedition off the southwest coast of Africa. We were cruising between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena island, hunting for fish larvae near the surface.

The larvae of all eels look like strips of transparent tape, with a tiny head and a pair of eyes at one end.

The scientific name of the larval form of any eel is *leptocephalus*, a Greek word meaning "creature with a little head."

The *leptocephalus* of the common fresh-water eel is two or three inches long, but it grows into an adult averaging three feet. That of the conger

Dr. Anton F. Bruun is a lecturer on oceanology at the University of Copenhagen. He will direct a University of California expedition to explore the marine resources in the South China sea and the Gulf of Thailand.



*355 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. October, 1959. © 1959 by Popular Science Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

eel is usually around five inches long.

You can imagine how astounded we were when we found a *leptocephalus* six feet long. It had a small, pointed head, with long fangs. If we applied to it the same ratio of growth found for other eels, we could expect that this monster might have grown to be 72 feet long. But I prefer to be conservative. Let us say that it would have reached at least 30 feet, and probably 50.

Any mariner who saw an eel that big would be justified in reporting that he had seen the great sea serpent of the legends.

Our baby must have had parents, and they must have been near where we found it. But we never saw them, and in 30 years of ocean travels I have not seen any creature, or even part of one, that could be identified as a member of that spectacular species. I am convinced, however, that other observers have seen such a monster.

I have read most of the accounts of early voyages of discovery. I have been struck by the fact that many sightings of so-called sea serpents were made in the same area of the South Atlantic where we found our great *leptocephalus*.

Unquestionably, some of those ancient mariners saw schools of porpoises in fog or dim light, and mistook the rhythmically curving backs of the frolicsome creatures for the coils of a sea serpent. But some of the objects that awed them were definitely not porpoises.

Consider the most famous sighting of all, reported by Capt. Peter M'Quhae of the British frigate *Daedalus*. It occurred in 1848, during a voyage between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena.

"At 5 o'clock P.M.," Captain M'Quhae wrote, "on the 6th of August last, in latitude 24° 44' S., and longitude 9° 22' E., the Weather dark and cloudy, wind fresh from the N.W., with a long ocean swell from the S.W., the ship on the port tack heading N.E. by N., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, Midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam.

"On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous Serpent, with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea; and as nearly as we could approximate by comparing with the length of what our maintopsail-yard would show in the water, there was at the very least 60 feet of the animal on the surface of the water. . . . It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter that had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should have easily recognized his features with the naked eye.

"The diameter of the Serpent was about 15 to 16 inches behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake; and it was never, during the 20 minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water—its colour a dark brown, with yellowish

white about the throat. It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel in addition to myself and officers above mentioned."

I am ready to accept the testimony of those hardheaded, experienced men of the sea.

On Sept. 20, some six weeks after the sighting from the *Daedalus*, the officers and crew of the American brig *Daphne* had a similar experience. The *Daphne* was in South Atlantic waters, too, many miles northwest of where the *Daedalus* had been on Aug. 6.

The Americans saw "a most extraordinary animal" with "the appearance of a huge serpent." They loaded a deck gun with spikes. When the serpent was only 40 yards from the vessel, they fired.

The account continued: "It immediately reared its head in the air and plunged violently with its body, showing evidently that the charge had taken effect. The *Daphne* was to leeward at the time, but was put about on the starboard tack, and stood towards the brute, which was seen foaming and lashing the water at a fearful rate. Upon the brig nearing, however, it disappeared, and, though evidently wounded, made rapidly off at the rate of 15 or 16 knots. The *Daphne* pursued for some time, but, the night coming on, the master was obliged to continue his course.

"From the description given by the mate, the brute must have been

nearly 100 feet long, and his account of it agrees in every respect with that lately forwarded to the Admiralty by the master of the *Daedalus*."

As a scientist, I am even more impressed by reports to the Royal Zoological Society of Great Britain by Michael J. Nicoll and E. G. B. Meade-Waldo, two zoologists who were aboard the yacht *Valhalla*, off Parahiba, Brazil, on Dec. 7, 1905. Nicoll suddenly turned to Meade-Waldo and said, "Is that the fin of a great fish?"

Wrote Meade-Waldo: "I looked and immediately saw a large fin or frill sticking out of the water, dark seaweed-brown in colour, somewhat crinkled at the edge. It was apparently about six feet in length and projected from 18 inches to two feet from the water.

"I got my field glasses onto it, and almost as soon as I had them on the frill, a great head and neck rose out of the water. The neck appeared about the thickness of a slight man's body, and from seven to eight feet was out of the water; head and neck were all about the same thickness.

"The head had a very turtlelike appearance, as had also the eye. The colour of the head and neck was dark brown above and whitish below."

Now here is the most vivid and recent account of all. Five minutes before noon on Dec. 30, 1947, a clear sunny day, the Grace liner *Santa Clara* was steaming southward through calm seas 118 miles east of

Cape Lookout, N. C. What happened at that moment was described later to the Associated Press by the ship's captain.

"Suddenly, John Axelson (the 3rd mate) saw a snake-like head rear out of the sea about 30 feet off the starboard bow. His exclamation of amazement directed the attention of the other two mates to the sea monster, and the three watched it unbelievably as it came abeam of the bridge where they stood, and was left astern.

"The creature's head appeared to be about two and a half feet across, two feet thick, and five feet long. The cylindrically shaped body was about three feet thick and the neck about one and a half feet in diameter.

"As the monster came abeam of the bridge, it was observed that the water around the monster, over an area of 30 or 40 feet square, was stained red. The visible part of the body was about 35 feet long. It was assumed that the color of the water was due to the creature's blood and that the stem of the ship had cut the monster in two.

"From the time the monster was first sighted until it disappeared in the distance astern, it was thrashing about as though in agony. The monster's skin was dark brown, slick and smooth. There were no fins, hair, or protuberances on the head, neck, or visible parts of the body."

Small sea eels, about the size of the fresh-water ones, breed in the sunlit layers of the ocean in subtropical and tropical regions, but head for the depths as soon as they are grown. We have found them as far as two miles below the surface, where the temperature is almost constantly around 38° above zero.

I think that giant eels may live in those dark, frigid regions. They would spawn about 200 feet below the surface. When they die after spawning, their great bodies probably sink to the bottom. But occasionally a dying one might struggle to the surface.

Where would I expect to find sea serpents? Well, giants must have great quantities of food. The richest feeding grounds in all the seas are off the west coasts of Africa and South America. Here is where fishermen catch their biggest game.

Now, I would like to encourage those gentlemen to lengthen their lines and lower them about 100 miles offshore, where the ocean bottom dips steeply downward from around 600 feet to 6,000. They could bait their big hooks with frozen herring or squid. They might well haul up from the depths a giant "sea serpent." When it reached the surface, it would be in no condition to put up a fight. But the men would still have a thrilling catch, and would make an important contribution to science.

When a closed mind reopens, it's usually under the same old management. Caroline Clark.

Catholic Imprint on America

*We are coming of age, says one of
the Church's greatest historians*

Increasingly in the last few years, Catholic critics have voiced complaints about the lack of impact that Catholic culture has had on America. Some feel that the small representation of American Catholics in science and scholarship is a reflection on the quality of Catholic higher education. In this address, delivered before the Thomas More association, Christopher Dawson discusses the problem in the light of the history of the Catholic Church in America.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH in this last age has produced a new growth on an alien soil in an unfavorable climate. If the American Church continues to grow as it has during the last 100 years it is going to change a lot of things not only in America but in the world.

This développement is paradoxical. It is, so to speak, a by-product of the expansion of Protestantism. For the early conquerors, explorers, and missionaries did not create the American Church that we know. Apart from Maryland's narrow thread of continuity with the colonial past, American Catholicism owes everything,

even its existence, to the immigrants.

Many of the features which distinguish American from European Catholicism are really as much Irish as they are American. In Europe there was, generally speaking, a close social alliance between the clergy and the ruling class. But the Irish immigrants brought with them both distrust of their Protestant government and a close social alliance between people and priests. Thus the democratic character of American Catholicism — the first thing that strikes a foreign observer — is not entirely a product of American conditions. It owes its basic character to its Irish inheritance.

In this country the Irish transformed themselves from a peasant class into an urban proletariat. They created the new social pattern of urban Catholicism adopted by almost all the subsequent immigrants except the Germans. Later groups were, like

Christopher Dawson, one of the world's greatest historians, is now Professor of Roman Catholic studies at Harvard's Divinity school.

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the Irish, uprooted peasants. They became city dwellers in the New World.

This is perhaps the most important factor which distinguishes the social tradition of American Catholicism from that of the Old World. In Europe, it was the peasants who remained most loyal to the Church. In the great cities the European Church faced anticlericalism and irreligion.

In America the situation was just the opposite. The whole strength of the Church lay in the cities. This was all the more significant because when immigration started, American urban civilization did not exist. American Catholicism has grown up with the cities. The place of the Church in modern American culture, now urban, is even more important than its numbers would indicate.

We must admit that throughout the 1800's and down to the World Wars, the social prestige and cultural achievements of American Catholics were very modest. Catholics were an underprivileged, disregarded minority. Yet their progress went on without a break.

Under these circumstances it would be ungenerous to reproach American Catholicism for not producing scholars and philosophers and men of letters. Everything had to be built up from the foundations, and the present state of Catholicism in the U.S. is proof of the greatness of the effort.

The last 20 years have seen a great

advance in Catholic education, and a growing awareness of the importance of intellectual values and of the need for a Catholic culture. This had been the greatest weakness of American Catholicism, owing largely to the lack of economic opportunity and to the lack of any cultural tradition among most of the immigrants.

Even today it is said that Catholics do not take their proportionate share in the intellectual life of the nation. But against this we must set the remarkable achievements of Catholic education — 3.5 million children in elementary schools, 700,000 in high schools, and 300,000 in universities and colleges. This record of voluntary effort, I believe, has no parallel elsewhere in the world.

No doubt, the results on the level of higher intellectual culture are disappointing. But so are they in American secular education, where vast expenditure of money and effort in the last 30 years has not produced a corresponding advance of higher culture. But the creation of a massive educational system is in itself a great achievement. It should be regarded as the necessary preparation for the Catholic culture of the future.

It seems certain to me that Catholic higher education is bound to advance until it changes the whole aspect of our culture. For as education reaches a certain point of development, it opens up new and wide cultural horizons. It ceases to be a utilitarian effort for the maintenance of a minimum standard of religious

instruction and becomes the gateway to the wider kingdom of Catholic culture with its 2,000 years of tradition behind it.

In the past, American Catholics, deprived of this cultural heritage, existed as outsiders on the periphery of a dominant Protestant culture. Nevertheless, they were the heirs of a much richer cultural inheritance than anything that Protestantism knew.

Now that they are free to enter their inheritance they will ultimately be able to exert an increasing influence on American thought and culture. This is infinitely more important than political questions—whether a Catholic can be elected President or not—which only touch the surface of Catholic life. The cultural influence is the vital one.

The descendants of the immigrants are today as American as are the descendants of the Pilgrims. They are an educated people who have learned to adapt themselves to the American way of life without sacrificing their own religious tradition. It is true that Catholics are still a minority in a traditionally Protestant culture, but we are a very strong minority, far larger and stronger and better organized than many Catholic majorities in the Old World.

Why then do we not possess a higher intellectual prestige and a stronger cultural influence in this country? It must be because Catholics have not yet learned how to use their latent cultural resources. As

our recent critics have pointed out, we are still poorly represented in the world of scholarship and learning, and perhaps even more in the intermediate world of public information and communication, the world in which American public opinion is formed.

American Catholicism has overcome tremendous difficulties in the past; difficulties in the present are trifling by comparison. It is less a question of overcoming difficulties than of taking advantage of opportunities offered us.

One of the most striking features of Catholicism today is the renaissance of theological studies during the last 20 years. The movement is not confined to the clergy, as in the past, but has met with a great response from the lay public. Frank Sheed has done a great deal to stimulate the movement and to show how every intelligent Catholic can become theologically literate.

We have the *20th-Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism*. There are also the numerous paperbacks. You can buy editions of the English and Spanish mystics for under \$1, as well as St. Bede the Venerable and Newman's *Grammar of Assent*. I do not know who reads these books, but someone must or they would not be published. Catholic magazines like the *Critic*, *The Sign*, and *Jubilee* have taken on a new lease of life.

Finally, there are movements on a deeper spiritual level, like the liturgical movement and, above all

the revival of the contemplative life in the new American Trappist Communities.

The prospects for Catholic culture in the U.S. are more hopeful than at any time in the past. No doubt very much remains to be done, for the movements of which I speak are minority movements in a minority community. They still have to

penetrate and leaven the existing Catholic mass culture. Until they have done so, American Catholicism cannot speak to America with the full force of her 40 million voices. But that time will surely come. American Catholicism is certainly called to play an increasing part in the life of Christendom and in world history.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

"Poor Elsie. She's pregnant again." I looked up from the bridge table to see who was being discussed. A tall, striking girl in a blue maternity smock walked by. "Imagine! Four kids in four years!" The shocked voices continued.

I could have cussed—publicly! I managed to refrain from such unladylike behavior, but I did vow to meet Elsie and express my honest envy. I, too, was pregnant, exultantly and proudly so. But this would be only our third child, and we were eager for six.

Later that evening I looked up Elsie in the phone book, and called. Her voice was warm, and she chuckled delightedly when I explained my interest in her increasing family. She confessed that people's reactions had been depressing, and she was gratified to know that someone shared her pleasure in a large family.

I was happy I had made the call. This girl I wanted to know better. That was about eight years ago.

Today my husband and I have a friend; one who has agreed, in the event of our death, to take in and raise our six children. And under like circumstances, we would take her five. This is the kind of friendship we share with Elsie.

We exchange baby-sitting services so frequently that our children feel like brothers and sisters. People gasp when they think of eleven children under one roof, but Elsie and I find it an ideal arrangement.

It was a very small thing, really, that phone call I made years ago. Such a small gesture, and such a bountiful return!

Dorothy E. Atwood.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

By Paul Jones
Condensed from "View"



The Philadelphia Lawyer

Michael Francis Doyle has been in the thick of public affairs for more than 60 years

A MODERN Ponce de León might do worse than to look for the Fountain of Youth in a Philadelphia law library. Although lawyer Michael Francis Doyle is beyond his 70's, when I saw him he had just returned from Poland, where he had attended a meeting of the Inter-Parliamentary union.

He showed me a photograph of Chief Justice Warren and himself at Kenmare house, a part of the Kilarney estates that Doyle and seven other Irish-Americans have bought. They wish to preserve unspoiled Ireland's most celebrated scenic treasure.

In Rome he is known as Papal Chamberlain and Honorary Lieutenant of the Order of the Holy Sepulcher, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, one of the founders of the Catholic Near East Welfare association, and of the National Conference of Catholic Charities in the U.S.

Paris knows him as an Officer of the Legion of Honor and as one who was a valiant partisan of Joan of Arc long before her canonization in 1920.

The Hague remembers him as a Roosevelt appointee to the Permanent Court of Arbitration; Dublin, as counsel for the Irish Republican movement and for Eamon de Valera, as well as adviser on the Free State Constitution. Washington knows him as a State department consultant as early as the 1st World War, as a four-time president of the Electoral college, and as a delegate to the Buenos Aires Conference for the Maintenance of Peace in 1936.

Moscow identifies him as counsel for the only Catholic church permitted to remain open in the USSR.

Two men have been made honorary citizens of Fredericksburg, Va. One was Lafayette, in 1824; the other was Michael Francis Doyle, in gratitude for his services in restoring George Washington's boyhood home. He has been active for years

*110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, New York. November, 1959. © 1959, and reprinted with permission.

in foundations honoring the memory of Thomas Jefferson and Doyle's special favorite, Patrick Henry.

More than 60 years have passed since his entrance on the national scene. The role he played then was a minor one. In the summer of 1896, Doyle accompanied the Philadelphia contingent to the Democratic convention in Chicago. He was not a delegate. He served as an aide to his legal preceptor, William F. Harrity, chairman of the Democratic National committee.

Doyle was a law student in the firm of Harrity and Beck, while completing the course for an LL.B at the University of Pennsylvania. Harrity, a skillful politician, was an old-line Democrat, like President Cleveland, then in office, whose campaign he had managed in 1892. With White House backing, his forces in the convention strove to defeat the Populist and Free Silver wings of the party. Young Doyle carried out his assignments faithfully.

But that was the year a blazing political comet came out of Nebraska. With his "Cross of Gold" speech, 36-year-old William Jennings Bryan stampeded the delegates and carried off the first of his three nominations for the presidency he was never to win. Doyle became a close friend of Bryan. Although he now sees clearly the mistakes his hero made in later years, he still thinks of Bryan as a fine character.

Doyle was Bryan's secretary at the Baltimore convention of 1912, when

he helped to force the nomination of Woodrow Wilson over Champ Clark. They were together in Washington the day Bryan resigned as secretary of state (against the advice of his friends) because his conscience would not allow him to sign Wilson's strong second note to Germany over the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

Before he began practicing law at 22, Doyle had a seven-year career in a Philadelphia department store, John Wanamaker's. He went from grade school to a job as office boy there at \$2 a week. He continued his education in his spare time, and rose to assistant buyer in the fur department.

One day Thomas B. Wanamaker sent him to deliver a jewel case to Mrs. Wanamaker at their home on Rittenhouse Square. He told him to place the parcel in no hands but hers.

He went to the front door while a formal reception was in progress. The butler wrested the package from him. High words passed, and young Doyle had to retire, defeated. The following day, the boss scolded him. "Use the back door," he said, "the next time you go to my house."

The next time came some 30 years later. Doyle went up the front steps, and the former Mrs. Wanamaker gave him the keys to the mansion, which the onetime errand boy had just bought.

Before he took his degree at the University of Pennsylvania Law school in 1897, Doyle, with other

Catholic students, organized the first Newman club in the U.S. He was president of the club when it gave its first public reception for Cardinal Gibbons.

After he was admitted to the bar, he went into practice in South Philadelphia, his home neighborhood. Fired with the enthusiasm generated by Bryan, he ran unsuccessfully for Congress twice in the 1st district.

His interest in St. Joan of Arc began when his mother adopted a little girl named Joan. Since 1890, Philadelphia has had a fine bronze statue of the Maid of Orleans bearing the oriflamme into battle. It is a mate of the one on the Place des Pyramides in Paris. Both were cast from the same mold by the sculptor Fremiet. Doyle took his little adopted sister out to the park one May morning, told her about her patron saint, and finished the day with a trip to the zoo, just across the Schuylkill.

She enjoyed the tour so much that it had to be repeated the following May. But now other little girls, neighbors and friends, went along. From year to year the guest list grew until it included boys and girls from Catholic orphanages and schools.

By the mid-20's the informal assembly counted into the thousands. Doyle would make a speech about St. Joan and then lead the way across the Girard Ave. bridge to the zoo.

Doyle went to France during the 1st World War as a civilian assistant to the chief of ordnance. He visited

Domremy, St. Joan's birthplace, as well as Rheims, Orléans, and Rouen, where she was burned in 1431.

With all the men of Domremy away in the army, the women and children of Joan's tiny village were having a thin time of it. Doyle did what he could to help them. He recalls with pride that the mayor made him an honorary member of the community.

His interest in Irish affairs was aroused in 1916 when a friend drew his attention to the perilous situation of hitherto unknown Eamon de Valera, lying under sentence of death for his participation in Dublin's Easter rebellion. De Valera could be saved if the American embassy intervened, since he was an American citizen, born in New York. The trouble was that he had no documentary proof of his birth.

Civil records at Albany and in New York City's five boroughs failed to show any trace of an Eamon de Valera. Time was running out when Doyle suggested searching baptismal records for October, 1882. He divided the city into convenient areas and assigned one to each man, taking for himself Manhattan north and east of 42nd St. and 5th Ave.

At St. Agnes's church on 43d St. he struck gold: an entry proving the Baptism of the infant Eamon de Valera.

Doyle took the first train to Washington. There he saw Joe Tumulty, White House secretary. Tumulty took the evidence to President Wil-

son, who directed the secretary of state to cable Ambassador Page in London, instructing him to make official representation to the British government. De Valera was saved.

Another prisoner taken in connection with the Easter uprising was Sir Roger Casement, who had been in Berlin seeking German aid for Irish freedom. His mission was unsuccessful, but a submarine returned Casement to Ireland. He was caught and taken to London, charged with high treason. His friends in the U.S., the same men who had secured Doyle's help for de Valera, now retained him for the defense of Casement.

The proceedings took place before Lord Reading, chief justice of England, with F. E. Smith, later Lord Birkenhead, prosecuting. A special exemption was required to permit Doyle, an American, to appear among the prisoner's counsel. Casement was found guilty and was hanged as a traitor to the British Crown.

Back in Philadelphia, in 1917, Doyle married Nancy O'Donoghue, who lived just down S. Broad St. from the house he had bought for his mother. Until her death in 1957, he and Nancy were inseparable.

In the period between world wars Doyle served as counsel to several federal agencies in Philadelphia and practiced international law.

When President Franklin D. Roosevelt, to strengthen the "good-


neighbor" policy, went in person to Buenos Aires in 1936 for the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace, Doyle accompanied him. As a U.S. delegate he signed 18 treaties with the other American republics.

In 1938, two places fell vacant on the Permanent Court of Arbitration, an international body created by the Hague peace conferences of 1899 and 1907. President Roosevelt named Henry L. Stimson, secretary of state under President Hoover, to succeed John Bassett Moore, and Michael Francis Doyle to succeed Newton D. Baker, who had been secretary of war under President Wilson.

In the crucial period 1945-46, Doyle was special counsel to the President of the Philippine Islands.

Three years ago, through an act of Congress sponsored by his friend John McCormack of Massachusetts, Democratic leader of the House, Doyle succeeded in getting a war indemnity for the papal properties at Castel Gandolfo, damaged by aerial bombardment. They are part of the territory of a neutral state, the Vatican, and the validity of the claim was beyond question. But finding a way to pay it required finesse.

In 1958, the Ancient Order of Hibernians named Doyle Catholic Layman of the Year. The Irish bar has made him a Bencher of the Inns of Court. He is the first American to receive that honor.



My Readers and I

The editor of a Catholic paper can't please all of the people even part of the time

FOR MORE than ten years I have been a priest-editor of America's oldest Catholic news weekly, the *Boston Pilot*. I think that Catholic papers and magazines have been getting better lately. A genuine professionalism and a greater maturity of judgment are increasingly evident. I am afraid, though, that for a large part of our natural audience our work is still somewhat out of focus.

Many Catholics see the Catholic newspaper simply as a place to put advertisements to attract Catholic tenants for vacant apartments, or a convenient place to find the Legion of Decency ratings, or a bulletin board for announcements of social events. What Catholic editor has not been given a long lecture on priorities by an irate clubwoman after the notice of a local "bridge and tea" was knocked out by release of a papal text?

Too many readers think that the Catholic editor's first function is that of keeper of the public morals. Undoubtedly, there is a place in our work for this consideration, but if it is given a high priority it can soon replace more significant duties.



For several years a forceful female used to visit our office to bring to our attention certain magazines which she considered offensive to public morals. Her intentions were fine, but the problem was already receiving effective local treatment by the Holy Name society. Nevertheless, we were unable to prevent her fortnightly foray into the office with a great batch of "suggestive" literature culled from nearby subways and other points of distribution.

All of this we accepted with a good heart until one day a harrowing experience overtook the editor. He was in the crowded street on his way to lunch when the *Carrie Nation* of the newsstands appeared in the crowd on the opposite sidewalk. She shouted across the packed thoroughfare, "Father, wait a moment! I have a new batch of dirty magazines here for you!" It must have sounded to passers by as one step

worse than a weekly visit from a bookie.

The Catholic press has a positive function vastly more important than that of being a policeman. It has the opportunity to interpret the Gospels in language relevant to the world in which we live. Catholic teaching as outlined by the Pontiffs has something to say on nearly every crying social question. On foreign policy and foreign aid, labor and management, integration and discrimination, education and juvenile delinquency, urban living and renewal, family life and liturgical worship—on every topic that can make the news we have something to say that can give positive leadership to Catholics and often to their neighbors as well.

But a Catholic paper carries a natural handicap, a dead weight: the feeling on the part of the reader that the paper ought to be dull. The association of religious pronouncements with real issues or exciting news apparently seems incongruous to some persons. Perhaps this tradition goes back to the days when the faithful bought Catholic papers simply out of a sense of duty. There was a time, we are told, when our own diocesan paper, as it came carefully wrapped each week to the subscriber's home, was called "the diocesan fly swatter." The implication was that it never left the wrapper at all.

I have found that a good editor has to be a man who can say No. Where all the urges to write come

from nowadays no one can say, but some of the effects are distressing. "If it is pious, it is publishable," seems to be the rule of thumb of some writers. Many an author judges the editor in harsh terms if he turns thumbs down on a bit of Marian prosody worked over with a thesaurus in one hand and a prayer book in the other.

No one on our staff will forget the bewildered little lady who backed into the elevator with her scrapbook gripped firmly under her arm, muttering, "But why, *why* does he hate the blessed Mother?" (The problem of separating the poets from the poetasters has caused many a paper, like our own, to cease publishing verse, leaving the job to the literary journals.)

Every once in a while a Catholic editor finds his material reprinted in one of the larger daily papers or the weekly news magazines. This is thought to be a crown of some kind, and it certainly brings publicity. It also brings humiliation. Those you had supposed for years were readers of your paper tell you suddenly they saw an article in *Time* that quoted the *Pilot*. You discover to your chagrin that had the item not appeared there in quotation, they never would have heard of it. You begin to doubt that they read your paper at all.

You can never be certain that merely because an important notice was printed, it was read; but just spell *Pope* with a *D*, or leave the last

four letters out of *funeral*, or give the wrong date for a lawn party, and the phone will never stop ringing.

The Catholic editor, especially if he is a priest, is likely to have a long line of people outside his door every day. Some folks seem to mistake his office for a confessional. Others may want to change the world, or may only desire to change the editor. A great many will have a religious gadget they wish patented, or at least demonstrated.

People who say they see visions and get private revelations often feel that they deserve some publicity. They explain that, much as they would prefer to remain unknown, they have been instructed to spread the good news. If they can be prevented from having recurrences of their visions in the office, they can be negotiated out—but it takes delicate doing.

Then there are the indignant "odd numbers" who write letters to the editor, usually with carbon copies to the local archbishop. Happily, the episcopal office has long ago been accustomed to letters of irrational complaint, and the wise bishop assigns them to the circular file or forwards them to the editor. Most of these letters are of two types: they are either very short or insufferably long. The short ones are sometimes witty even when nasty. One man forwarded to us all the headlines he could find which said "Pilot killed . . .," "Pilot blamed . . .," "Pilot jumps . . .," "Pilot lost . . .," and so

on. The longer ones are, of course, still in the depths of the "letters-we-never-finished-reading" department.

When it was first announced that the editor of the *Pilot* was a member of the board of directors of the Fund for the Republic, an irate gentleman phoned in great anxiety. "It is no place for a priest," he kept saying over and over. Pressed for a reason, he explained that he objected to a priest's enjoying himself that much. It eventually became clear that he was under the impression that the organization was called the *Fun* for the Republic, and he thought no priest should be associated with organized fun.

I find that serving on the national commission of UNESCO has its headaches. Because the Soviet Union is represented now in UNESCO, and because in the early days Julian Huxley gave the organization a bad press, some Americans think the whole project should be abandoned, in spite of its clear aims and efforts for human betterment. Happily, the fact that Pope John was for several years an observer with UNESCO in Paris has helped to improve matters, along with the fact that the current director general, Vittorino Veronese, was for many years head of Catholic Action in Italy.

Even after the Catholic editor has taken every precaution, he is still at the mercy of anyone who wishes to use either himself or his paper for partisan ends. It is not possible to do an honest job of reporting and edi-

torializing without leaving some *i* undotted and some *t* uncrossed. And those who wish to use the paper for their own purposes will do so in any event.

Recently a semilurid novel was reviewed in the pages of the *Pilot* because it had a local scene and some local notoriety. The reviewer was a college professor of ability and probity. He properly scorched the book. In the course of his review he mentioned that the excellence of the writing made the work all the more pernicious. Imagine our horror to discover, a month or so later, a paperback edition of the novel carrying a notice credited to the *Pilot* composed of only those few favorable

words about the author's technique.

It might seem from all I have said that the Catholic editor's lot is an unhappy one. That isn't true. The press is an exciting, challenging work, and the challenge changes with every day's news. To be sure, the procession of weeks never ends, and each week a paper must be placed before the community and commitments made in writing on man and his world. But the work of the press is not to be an answer man for the public. It is intended only to guide and to stimulate. It is not the end of a process, but more often the beginning. It does not speak for the Church, but it assists the thoughtful life of the Church.

THE HARDEST KIND OF WRITING

Scarcely a week passes that I do not find manuscripts or books about religion on my desk. Some of them are published at the author's expense, and almost all of them are worthless, from a literary standpoint. The fine characters and intentions of these authors gleam from every page, and so does their lack of writing ability.

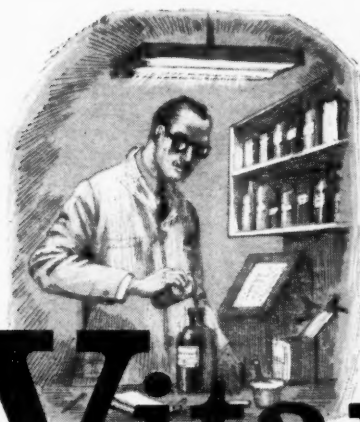
Nothing is harder to write than a book on religion that is not shallow, trite, confused, or ponderous. Even writers who are capable in other fields often founder when they plunge into the swirling waters of theology. I am not saying that we have no great writers about religion in our time. Chesterton was brilliant. C.S. Lewis, in his *Screwtape Letters*, gave us a modern masterpiece. This is to name but two of many.

But these men managed to avoid all the traps in the field: sentimentality, false piety, hysteria, a murky kind of mysticism, and a blind reliance on "faith" to the exclusion of reason.

The amateurs feel strongly on the subject and they wrongly assume that strong feeling makes strong writing. What they lack are *distance* and *coolness* and *irony* and *humor* and *easy scholarship*: all the marks of professional writing.

The closer a subject is to the heart of a man, the harder it becomes for him to communicate his meaning to another.

Sydney J. Harris in the *Chicago Daily News* (15 Nov. '55).



*New York Newspaper
Reveals Startling
Vitamin Price Facts—
Learn How You
Can Save On*

Vitamins

Recently, a leading New York evening newspaper published a public service study of Patent Medicines. The VITAMIN installment uncovered the wide variance in the prices of Vitamins and Vitamin-Mineral combinations.

The following three paragraphs taken from the series, as it appeared, are of particular concern to everyone buying Vitamins.

"Any particular vitamin bottled under one label is, for all practical and therapeutic purposes, the same as if it is bottled under another label. The fact is, most of the Vitamin concentrates consumed in America are produced by only a few companies.

"The list of ingredients in a Vitamin compound is one thing the consumer can almost always depend on to be correct. Any company which fails to label the bottle with the exact formula and amount (or unit strength) of each ingredient risks a seizure by the U. S. Government.

"Bearing that in mind, it is interesting to pick up a few Vitamin catalogs and compare the prices charged by different companies for the same Vitamin compounds."

Following publication of the installment

we received hundreds of phone calls requesting the Hudson Vitamin Catalog.

The Free Hudson Catalog offers tremendous VALUES on Vitamins, Vitamin-Mineral combinations and Food Supplements. Hudson Vitamin Products has been serving doctors and nurses for over 25 years and now you, too, can purchase your Vitamins DIRECT from Hudson at savings that are up to 50% and more.

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Write for the Catalog and show it to your doctor if you like—but, by all means, discover for yourself why Hudson has become a DIRECT MONEY-SAVING source for Vitamins throughout the nation. All Hudson Vitamin Products are sold with a complete money back guarantee. Use handy coupon on next page

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identical
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Vitamin D 1,000 U.S.P. units
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Riboflavin (B-2) 10 mg.
Niacinamide 100 mg.
Ascorbic Acid (C) 200 mg.
Pyridoxine HCL (B6) 5 mg.
d-Calcium Pantothenate 20 mg.
Vitamin B-12 Activity 5 mcg.

ADAVITE-100 capsules—\$3.25

Each Capsule Contains:

Vitamin A 25,000 U.S.P. units
Vitamin D 1,000 U.S.P. units
Thiamin Mononitrate (B-1) .. 10 mg.
Riboflavin (B-2) 10 mg.
Niacinamide 100 mg.
Ascorbic Acid (C) 200 mg.
Pyridoxine HCL (B6) 5 mg.
d-Calcium Pantothenate 20 mg.
Vitamin B-12 Activity 5 mcg.

Brand X-100 capsules—\$9.45

Price, and price alone, is the only real difference!

Brand X, and others like it, sell for an average price of \$9.45 per hundred. But the identical formula, under the name Adavite, ordered direct from the Hudson Vitamin Catalog, is just \$3.25.

And yet, despite the great variance in vitamin prices, *there are no grades of vitamins*. The Brand X formula and the Hudson formula have the same potency and effectiveness. Both meet the same strict government standards.

How then is it possible for you to save over \$6.00 per hundred on this particular formula?

Savings of up to 50% and over on more than 100 nationally recognized Hudson Vitamin formulas are possible because you buy **DIRECT**.

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When your catalog arrives check the formula you are now using with the comparable Hudson formula and see the vast difference in price. There is no obligation, no salesman will call.

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Sister Carmela and the School Police

She started a movement that will be saving children's lives until the end of time



SISTER CARMELA picked up the phone to call the police. She was in her office in Cathedral elementary school in St. Paul, Minn. When she made the call that warm spring day in 1921 she had no inkling that she was setting in motion a program that would spread around the world, bring her personal honors, and save the lives of countless thousands of school children.

One thought was uppermost in the principal's mind as she dialed police headquarters. It was the anxious one of never knowing whether her pupils were dashing off into a wonderful springtime when school was out or in front of the wheels of an automobile.

When the operator answered, Sister Carmela asked to speak to Commissioner of Public Safety A. E. Smith. She told the commissioner she had seen the monitor system used to maintain order in a school in Passaic, N.J., and wanted to know "why we can't use the older children to help the younger ones across the streets."

If Commissioner Smith was momentarily stunned by the proposal it is understandable. For months he and Patrolman Frank Hetznecker had been trying to sell a "school-police" idea without success. The idea of making "little policemen out of our pupils" didn't appeal to the public and parochial-school principals he and Hetznecker had contacted. Besides, the principals said, it just wouldn't work; "the children can't be trusted with so much responsibility."

Two hours later Frank Hetznecker, who until that moment had been superintendent of a school-police force that didn't exist, swore in 17 Cathedral school students as members of the St. Paul School Police. Each new recruit was given a star, a Sam Browne belt, and a hand "Stop" sign, and was instructed by Hetznecker in the use of the convoy system to get groups of children safely across intersections.

Within days Sister Carmela was getting calls from public-school principals and the Sisters from St. Paul's parochial schools. "What are those children with stars and belts doing in front of your school and why are they stopping traffic?" her colleagues asked.

"They are our special police force under the supervision of Superintendent Hetznecker," Sister Carmela replied.

"But is it working?" they asked.

"I've never worried less about traffic in my life," she replied. Soon the police switchboard was busy with urgent calls for Superintendent Hetznecker.

In a year Hetznecker organized school-police units in 86 St. Paul public and parochial schools and saw his force expand to more than 1,000 officers. He spent his days teaching traffic regulations to his junior-size patrolmen and his nights speaking at PTA meetings, trying to convince worried parents and teachers that his policemen, most of them in the 7th and 8th grades, were reliable officers. He referred the most skeptical pessimists to Sister Carmela.

St. Paul's dailies, the *Dispatch* and *Pioneer Press*, gave full coverage to the early struggles of the school-police program and endorsed the idea wholeheartedly. As the force grew, Hetznecker warned motorists through the press that if they failed to obey his policemen, they would go to court. The city council gave teeth to Hetznecker's warning by passing

an ordinance making it a misdemeanor for a motorist to disobey the directions of a school-police officer.

During the first two years of the program not one child was injured by traffic while on his way to or from school in St. Paul. Early studies showed school children were now almost 100% safe. Once familiar headlines—"Child Killed by Car at School Crossing"—disappeared from the front pages.

Sister Carmela recalls that the school officers took their work seriously. One day two breathless 8th graders rushed up to her, announcing, "We stopped the governor today, Sister."

"That's fine, children, but don't keep him waiting any longer than necessary," she replied.

During its second year the school-police force was responsible for 67 arrests and 47 convictions in St. Paul municipal court. The arrests were technically made by regular St. Paul policemen on evidence and license numbers furnished by the school police. Six medals for meritorious service were awarded during the first two years of the program, all of them for police work beyond duties originally expected.

One boy, Stephen Adrian, was elected chief of all parochial-school police as partial recognition for the part he played in capturing a notorious house prowler and child molester. Stephen saw the ex-convict molesting a small girl near the school. He and two other boys overpowered

the man and turned him over to police; the captive received a ten-year sentence in the state prison at Stillwater.

Another youth saved a six-year-old girl from almost certain death by snatching her from beneath the wheels of a speeding car. She had slipped while running toward the crossing and slid into the street on the ice. One wheel of the car passed over her mittened hand.

One afternoon, as lines were forming for class at one of the city's schools, a crazed bull escaped from a cattle truck and headed straight up the street toward the school children, followed by a policeman with drawn gun. He had to hold his fire until the bull got by the school. Panic and possible disaster were averted by six school police who held their charges in line until the bull passed. Not one child panicked or fled. The bull was felled in the next block.

To deal with minor disciplinary matters, many St. Paul schools set up their own school-police courts. At one such session a seven-year-old offender, a three-time loser, appeared before the judge, aged 12, charged with disobeying a school-police officer and telling him to "shut up."

The miscreant was found guilty and sentenced to ten extra arithmetic and ten extra geography problems for five days, and ordered by the court to clean all blackboard erasers in his room for a week. If offenders thought their sentences were too severe, they appealed directly to the

principal, but usually without notable success.

Sister Carmela recalls an incident similar to many other of the unexpected side effects of the program. "One of our Sisters died, and we had postponed school until 10 A.M. the day of her funeral so that all of us could attend. The services lasted longer than we'd expected, and when we arrived an hour later at the school, which was staffed only by our custodian, I had visions of chaos. But I found no disturbance. Then I heard singing. The school police had taken charge in our absence and were conducting singing lessons."

City-wide elections were held each year to elect two chiefs of school police, each to represent the public and parochial schools. (Only one chief and an assistant chief are elected now.) A convention was held, keynote speeches were made, often by candidates who were plugging themselves, and in the space of a few hours the campaigning was conducted, and two primary and two general elections were held. Many of the younger voters were brought to the polls by their mothers.

In addition to its regular traffic duties, during its first year the force helped find six children who had run away from home and was responsible for recovering many stolen bikes and other property misappropriated by errant juveniles. Merit pins were presented to deserving officers by the commissioner of public safety at ceremonies held in his office.

St. Paul's program, the first of its kind tried anywhere, worked so well it soon caught the whole town's fancy. Civic groups held benefits to raise money for belts, stars, flags, and other equipment for the force. The entire program was financed with private funds. One year it was over-subscribed \$700. The city fathers were proud that a serious pedestrian traffic problem had been solved without costing taxpayers a single mill.

To show its appreciation the city began throwing sky's-the-limit picnics each spring for all school police. The picnic, on Harriet island in the Mississippi at the foot of St. Paul's loop, was preceded by a parade through downtown. Word went from the city hall and the governor's office that city and state officials would be expected to march in the parade and help serve the food at the picnic.

Waiting on Harriet island for the hungry marchers were miles of hot dogs, barrels of root beer, and mountains of ice cream. Second—and third and fourth—helpings were taken for granted. The parade was headed by police and fire-department bands and marching units from nearly all the city's civic organizations. The annual picnic soon became so popular (5,200 active and past school-police officers attended last year's picnic) with the junior police that many of them slept on the Capitol grounds the night before to be first in the line of march—and first at the ice cream.

Since its origin at Cathedral school

and its first complement of 17 patrolmen, St. Paul's school-police force has grown to 4,000 members, who guard the city's 650 school crossings. The annual budget for the force and the yearly picnic is nearly \$10,000, still raised by civic groups.

The program has spread to nearly all Minnesota communities and some 38,000 school police perform duties at thousands of school crossings. In 1949 former Minnesota Gov. C. Elmer Anderson administered the oath of the school patrol, via radio and television, to 3,500 new school-police officers across the state during a mass ceremony in St. Paul.

Since its inception the plan has been adopted by many foreign countries and by every state in the nation. The country's school-police force now has an estimated 2 million members. Inquiries about St. Paul's program have come from as far away as Hungary and Hawaii.

Lt. Henry Winterhalter, himself a former school patrolman at St. Luke's school in St. Paul, now carries on the work of Superintendent Hetznecker, who retired from the St. Paul police force in 1958. But Hetznecker, now 69, is only semi-retired from the school-police program. He still supports the idea as vigorously as he did for nearly 40 years. And he still insists the credit should go to Sister Carmela, "because we might never have got it going if it hadn't been for her."

Sister Carmela recently celebrated her 84th birthday and her 60th year

as a Sister of St. Joseph of Carondelet. She lives, with 140 other elderly Sisters, in the Bethany home for senior nuns in St. Paul. Her present home is only a few miles from Cathedral school, where she received her elementary education and where she returned later to serve as principal.

The years have left her with a slight limp. A thick wooden cane helps ease the weight on her right leg. She is a small woman, just a shade over five feet tall. Despite her years, her handclasp is firm and her smile quick, and her eyes sparkle when she talks. She still finds it hard to believe that people are interested in the part she played in what has been called "one of history's outstanding youth programs."

"The school-police program is a wonderful thing, but it was not my idea and the part I played in its success was very small," she says. "The credit belongs to Commissioner Smith, Mr. Hetznecker, and the others who worked so hard to make it possible. The best you can say about me is that I was too dumb to worry about the things that discouraged others from trying it first."

Despite her vigorous disclaimers about the part she played in the origin of the school police, Sister Carmela has been honored by the PTA, American Legion, Chamber of Commerce, Knights of Columbus, and many other state and civic organizations. Five Minnesota governors have paid her personal tribute. Plaques bearing citations for her contribution

to the school-police movement are hung in the provincial house of her Order adjoining the Bethany home.

The Minnesota American Legion, at its convention in St. Paul in 1957, awarded Sister Carmela its distinguished-service award. As she walked forward for the presentation, the delegates arose in a body, and remained standing for 15 minutes while she received her award.

After the presentation, Sister Carmela noticed something vaguely familiar about a dozen men who shared the platform with her. But not until one of them came forward to give her a bag of lemon drops did she realize that they were 12 of the original 17 members of her Cathedral police force. She couldn't remember their names, but she managed to recognize, one by one, each of her former patrolmen, especially the one who gave her the lemon drops. "He used to do that every week without fail," she recalls.

In a neat dresser in her room near the chapel in Bethany home, Sister Carmela keeps a worn scrapbook filled with mementos. The one she seems to cherish most, perhaps even more than the citations and awards, is a faded letter. It is from one of her former patrolmen, and in it he writes, "Whenever I look out the window and see my own children being helped across the busy street by members of the school police, I think about you." The smile that crosses her face as she reads it seems to say it is reward enough.

Queen of the Snows at Squaw Valley

*The Winter Olympic athletes will have
a place for spiritual recreation*

THE WORLD'S GREATEST amateur skiers and skaters will gather at Squaw Valley, Calif., for the Winter Olympic Games Feb. 18-28, and a multitude of winter-sports fans will be there to watch the largest series of winter events in Olympic history.

About 40% of the contestants and at least 20% of the spectators will be Catholics. The task of planning for the spiritual welfare of the Catholics who attend has rested mainly on the shoulders of 36-year-old, red-haired Father Patrick J. O'Neill. He is pastor of a striking new church at Squaw Valley, called, appropriately, Queen of the Snows. Visitors to the games will no doubt always think of it as the church of the Winter Olympics.

Architect J. Clarence Felciano, designer of Queen of the Snows, describes it as a "contemporary A-frame chalet building." The nave is narrow at the back, wide at the sanctuary. Behind the altar is a large, glare-resistant glass wall, through which worshipers will see a glorious natural backdrop: a rugged mountain named Little Granite Chief.

The building is 96 feet long, and will seat 372 persons. Exterior walls are of wood siding, interior walls of decorative plywood. The altar, a simple wooden slab, is supported by symbols fashioned of gold-anodized aluminum. The symbols are the Chi-Rho (a monogram formed from letters of the abbreviation of the Greek word for Christ) and the Olympic rings.

Thus far, Father O'Neill has scheduled 23 Masses for Queen of the Snows during the period of the games. He knows, though, that the church will not begin to take care of the crowd on the two Sundays



that fall during the competition. He hopes to make arrangements to use the giant main ice arena at the site of the games, where 7,000 to 10,000 may be accommodated.

Three other churches are under Father O'Neill's direction: Our Lady of the Lake church at Kings Beach; Corpus Christi at Tahoe City; and Assumption at Truckee. He now has one assistant, but during the games will probably have the help of at least ten other priests. All of them, he says, will be experienced skaters or skiers. Father O'Neill himself was once a skier. He predicts, "Many priests who like to ski may just want to take their vacations during the Olympic games."

For ten days Squaw Valley will be in many respects a gigantic "transient" parish, with many of the problems that pastors regularly encounter in such parishes. Since such Olympic events as the ski jumps and the slalom races are not the safest competitive sports in the world, the priests will be alert for emergencies.

One of Father O'Neill's prospective assistants speaks seven lan-

guages, a particularly valuable asset during an international gathering like the Olympics.

The pageantry marking the opening of the games will include the colorful ceremony of the blessing of the skis. Prayers are offered that the skis will bear their users safely. According to tentative plans, Bishop Joseph T. McGucken of Sacramento will be present for the ceremony.

What will happen to Queen of the Snows when the Olympic captains and kings have departed? It will then become a permanent church for Catholics in the area. Squaw Valley is growing. Many families are building houses there—year-round homes as well as summer retreats. The California and U. S. governments have appropriated \$12 million for development of the valley, and the site of the Olympic games may become a state park. During the next few years, thousands of visitors will come to enjoy the beauty of the high mountain valley where champions from 30 nations tried to make February, 1960, a month to remember.

Last December the Winter Olympics organizing committee began to fret over the dearth of snow at Squaw Valley. They would need tons of the stuff for the February competitions. So they brought in a group of Paiute Indians to perform a ceremonial dance designed to draw snow from cloudless skies. (The Indians called the unseasonably balmy weather "paleface summer.")

When the dance was done, Chief Harry Winnemucca predicted, "Snow fall in two weeks."

"Why not sooner, Chief?" someone asked.

"No chains for our bus," he said. "Snow come too soon, we not get home."

Red Smith in the *New York Herald Tribune* (9 Dec. '59).

THE OPEN DOOR

THANKS BE TO GOD for that Catholic doctor!

All my relatives are Protestants, but my selfless grandmother Katie told me that when she was born, my great-grandmother was afraid she might not live; unable to reach a minister of her own faith, she summoned a priest to baptize her. Katie survived—for 80 years! She was not raised as a Catholic, nor did she attend the Catholic church as an adult.

Seven years ago, Katie died. She had survived one stroke. But the next one paralyzed her throat, so that she could neither speak nor swallow. Unable to reach the family doctor, we called in another, who happened to be a Catholic. He rushed Katie to the Catholic hospital where he was a staff member. There she was fed intravenously, and given vitamin shots, and though she did not improve she stayed alive. She could hear, and from her eyes and the little squeeze of her hand you knew she understood what you were saying to her.

When my cousin, a registered nurse, suggested to the doctor that the feedings and shots be eliminated so her suffering would not be prolonged, I knew she meant well. I had heard my mother and other members of the family discussing it. I heard, also, their harsh criticism of the Catholic doctor who told them it was *his* job to keep Katie alive as long as he could. Every

night I sat with Katie and held her hand and talked to her by the hour.

After four long weeks, the end came. I knew nothing of the Catholic religion. But Katie, through the circumstances of her Baptism and her death under Catholic care, had somehow pointed out the path I knew I must follow. I immediately went to see a priest and I and my two children were baptized.

Kay McCarthy.

WHEN I FIRST MET this man Austin in Philadelphia 18 years ago one of the first traits I noticed in him was his deep dislike for any hint of hypocrisy in religion. He was a non-Catholic from a section of the country where anti-Catholic sentiment had been inbred for generations. But for years he had moved from one sect to another.

He accompanied me to Mass a few times, and would carefully observe priest, worshipers, ritual. He asked questions, ranging from the liturgy to contents of the cruets.

He went into the army. He wrote, but never mentioned religion. One fine Sunday the phone rang, and he was telling me that he had completed instructions and had that morning received First Communion. I fired questions: "When did you decide? Why?"

He answered slowly. "The clincher was a song you and I used to sing those times we walked to Mass together. I finally figured that if a person as sincerely devout as you could hum *Beer Barrel Polka* on your way to church, your Church was for me."

His call that day had another purpose, too: his proposal of marriage.

Margaret M. Austin.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

By Carl Sandburg
*Condensed from an address**

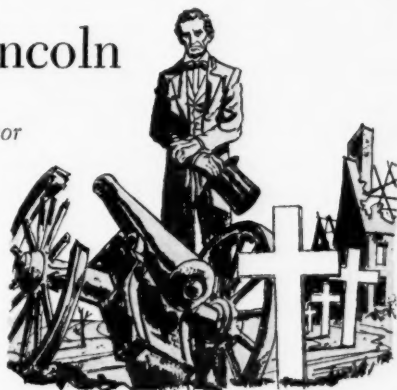
Every Man's Lincoln

*He wielded the powers of a dictator
with the gentleness of a father*

NOT OFTEN in the story of mankind does a man arrive on earth who is both steel and velvet; who is as hard as rock and soft as drifting fog; who holds in his heart and mind both terrible storm and peace unspeakable. Abraham Lincoln was such a man.

During the four years he was President he at times took to himself the powers of a dictator. He commanded the most powerful armies till then assembled in modern warfare. He enforced conscription of soldiers for the first time in American history. He abolished the right of *habeas corpus*. He directed politically and spiritually the wild forces let loose in civil war.

He pleaded for compensated emancipation of the slaves. The slaves were property: they were on the tax books along with horses and cattle, the valuation of each slave written next to his name. That failing, as Chief Executive having war powers he by proclamation declared the slaves to be free. Thus what had been for 300 years legally recognized as



chattel property was seized without payment.

In the month the war began he told his secretary, John Hay, "My policy is to have no policy."

Three years later in a letter to a Kentucky friend he confessed plainly, "I have been controlled by events."

Yet his words at Gettysburg were sacred, strange with a color of the familiar: "We can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract."

He could have said "the brave Union men." Did he purposely omit the word *Union*? Was he keeping his utterance clear of a passion that would not be good to look back on when peace came? Did he mean to say that there were brave Union men

**Delivered to a joint session of the U. S. Congress, Washington, D.C., Feb. 12, 1959, and printed in the Congressional Record.*

and brave Confederate men, living and dead, who had struggled there? We do not know.

Was he thinking of the Kentucky father whose two sons died in battle, one in Union blue, the other in Confederate gray, and the father inscribing on the stone over their double grave, "God knows which was right"? We do not know.

His changing policies aimed at saving the Union. In the end his armies won and his nation became a world power.

In 1864 he wrote that he expected to lose the next November election, that month of August was so dark. Sudden military victory brought the tide his way: the vote was 2.2 million for him and 1.8 million against him. Among his bitter opponents were such men as Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, and Cyrus H. McCormick, inventor of the farm reaper.

The Southern Confederacy had the moral support of powerful and respected elements throughout the North. Probably more than a million voters believed in the justice of the Southern cause. While the war winds howled he insisted that the Mississippi was one river, that North and South, East and West must be one nation.

While the luck of war wavered and broke and came again, as generals failed and campaigns were lost, he raised new armies and supplied them. He found generals who could make war as victorious war has al-

ways been made: with terror, frightfulness, destruction—and on both sides, North and South, valor and sacrifice past words of man to tell.

In the mixed shame and blame of the immense wrongs of two crashing civilizations, often with nothing to say, he said nothing and slept not at all. On occasions he was seen to weep in a way that made weeping appropriate, decent, majestic.

As he rode alone on horseback on the edge of Washington one night his hat was shot off. A son he loved died as he watched at the bed. His wife was accused of betraying information to the enemy. An Indiana man visiting the White House heard him say, "Voorhees, don't it seem strange to you that I, who could never so much as cut off the head of a chicken, should be elected, or selected, into the midst of all this blood?"

Among the million words he uttered, he interprets himself with more precision than someone else offering to explain him. His simple opening of a speech in 1858 serves for today: "If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it."

To his Kentucky friend, Joshua F. Speed, he wrote in 1855, "Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal, except Negroes.' When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read 'all men are created equal except Negroes and foreigners

and Catholics.' When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty."

Infinitely tender was his word from a White House balcony to a crowd on the White House lawn: "I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom"; or to a military governor, "I shall do nothing through malice; what I deal with is too vast for malice."

He wrote to Congress on December 1, 1862: "In times like the present men should utter nothing for which they would not willingly be responsible through time and eternity."

Like an ancient psalmist he warned: "We cannot escape history. We will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation."

In urging Congress to forget past traditions his words came keen and flashing. "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate for the stormy present. We must think anew; we must act anew; we must disenfranchise ourselves."

The people of many other countries now take Lincoln for their own. He stands for decency, honest dealing, plain talk, and funny stories. Millions there are who take him as a personal treasure.

Democracy? We cannot say exact-

ly what it is, but he had it. In his blood and bones he carried it. In the breath of his speeches and writings it is there. Popular government? Republican institutions? Government where the people have the say-so, one way or another telling their elected leaders what they want? He had the idea. It is there in the lights and shadows of his personality, a mystery that can be lived but never spoken in words.

In the time of the April lilacs in the year of 1865, on his death, the casket with his body was carried north and west a thousand miles; and the American people wept as never before. Bells sobbed; cities wore crepe; people stood in tears as the funeral train paused in the leading cities of seven states.

And how did Lincoln say he would like to be remembered? His friend, Owen Lovejoy, had died in May, 1864. Lincoln wrote that duties kept him from joining in efforts to raise a marble monument to Lovejoy. "Let him have the marble monument," he said, "along with the well-assured and more enduring one in the hearts of those who love liberty, unselfishly, for all men."

Today we may say that the well-assured and most enduring memorial to Lincoln is invisibly there, today, tomorrow, and for a long time yet to come. It is in the hearts of lovers of liberty, men and women who understand that wherever there is freedom there have been those who fought, toiled, and sacrificed for it.

Garlands of Kindness

*In our suburb, people wear
them matter-of-factly*

WE ARE OLD-FASHIONED in our suburban village. I tell you this in confidence, for we do not admit it to ourselves. Do our roofs not blossom with television aerials, our kitchens with electric dishwashers? Do we not read the most recent books, even when we dislike them? Our addiction to large families and infrequent divorces only shows that we are ahead of, not behind, the fashion. We speak knowingly of child psychology; we have seen the latest shows. Our attitudes are modern. It is our virtues that are old-fashioned.

For here we love our neighbor. What is more, we are reactionary enough not to love him impersonally. We do not sit impassioned in committee and pass resolutions declaring our devotion to him. To us he is not mankind, but man; and our affection warms us both.

Now, cities have their own beatitude. They are not unfriendly; they offer a vast and solacing anonymity or an equally vast and solacing gregariousness. But one needs a neighbor on whom to practice compassion.



It has taken me years to emerge from the cocoon which the city had wound about me, and even now I offer small benefactions with shyness, and am as shy to accept them. So I am constantly being surprised by the matter-of-fact kindness with which my neighbors seem overflowing.

Last spring our village shared with the rest of the Eastern seaboard a storm of spectacular fury. Other communities fared worse, but we did not escape. We all lost a tree or two (and we are proud of our trees), and the shingles of our roofs went flying. Worse, the electricity failed and that meant no light, no heat, no current for the freezer or the laundry or the radio or, in many cases, the important stove. Some fled their homes along the shore; some had flooded cellars or lost gardens. But nobody was hurt, and nobody I know of went to hotels or Red Cross centers to sit out the storm. They went to

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one another's houses, quite as a matter of course.

Those of us who had heat took in those without, and did not expect gratitude. We helped one another push fallen maples away from walls and hedges. We made enormous quantities of coffee and sandwiches, and we tucked other people's babies away in the nursery with our own.

I strolled down the street to view the damage. My neighbor to the left, whose current had returned, was giving lunch to seven children besides her own, all of different ages and degrees of overstimulation. She planned on keeping them for a day or two since at their respective homes there would be no furnaces running for another 24 hours. The neighbor to my right was storing in her deep-freeze the contents of someone else's freezer and inviting everybody to stay for dinner. Farther down, three male neighbors were helping a householder patch his roof until the arrival of the uncertain carpenter.

Now, all those were kind actions, but not unusual for any community when the excitement of an emergency bubbles in the veins like champagne. What astonishes me is that in our village we continue to be kind when the intoxication passes. We have not acquired the fear of being repulsed, which is the modern snobbery.

We love our neighbor on small occasions as well as large. We visit the sick, we comfort the afflicted. But we are also benevolent toward

those whose fortune is as good as ours, or better. Thus we win the grace of doing good without condescension. Even the well-to-do are included in our affection.

We lend our cars. We admire one another's gardens without malice. We listen with honest delight to the returned traveler whose journey we could not afford. We tend one another's children, run errands, turn taxi driver or nurse or dog walker or caterer at our neighbor's signal. We are usually very busy people and therefore capable of accomplishing extra tasks. It is the leisured, I have noticed, who most resent an interruption of routine.

I have nearly forgotten city ways. Tell me, you city people, when your neighbors go shopping, do they call you first to see if you have an errand that needs doing? When you are ill, do they send a dinner for the family, complete to chicken and lemon pie? Mine do. The one benefaction they withhold is advice. Our charity encompasses minding our own business.

When you go away on a short holiday, what do you do with your children? Hire a sitter? We drop them off casually with friends—there is always room. I know a couple with five descendants all under 12 who went to Key West for three weeks on their first vacation in years. For this event they *did* engage a supposedly capable woman, paying her a king's ransom. Some days before they were expected home, the wom-

an announced to the family across the street that she wasn't feeling so well and thought she'd have to leave.

Did the family have the kindness to wire the couple at once? Certainly not. They invited the entire tribe of five to stay with them so that the vacation could proceed.

We expect mercies here, not only from ourselves but from others. We expect the bus driver to back up for us if we are late at the stop. We expect him to deal justly with our children and feel we need give him nothing in return except our admiration. Once when my husband was delayed on a rainy night and I could not meet him, the driver brought him to our door, two blocks off the route.

Who in the city has for a friend the red-haired man who delivers parcels from the great stores in town? We have. We meet him in the village drugstore, drinking coffee, and he obligingly burrows into the back of his truck for the *c o d* package we would not have been home to receive. We entrust him with messages for other friends. Once he sat for half an hour with a baby when the baby's mother was suddenly called away. If we know him by no other name except Red, that is not a mark of disrespect. We simply began on a first-name basis.

I find ours a difficult village to live up to. Because I am not so busy as others, I guard my free time more jealously. I shudder, for instance, to think of what it would cost me to be as generous as another neighbor

down the block. She shares with me Jessie, a "cleaning woman" of surpassing talent.

Jessie has two daughters, both of whom take piano lessons. They own a childish aptitude but no piano, so my friend permits them to practice an hour a day each on her own instrument. "Tum-tum-tum, ta'ta, diddley, diddley": it goes on every afternoon for two horrendous hours. I, who love Jessie as dearly as a sister, would sooner part with her forever than suffer such an ordeal.

I betray myself when I dwell on such simple instances. The cocoon is still around me, so I peer from it, astonished at what others take for granted. I am astonished at the kindness of policemen stationed at school crossings. I marvel at the patience of firemen rescuing kittens from trees, of the municipal employee who spent half an afternoon explaining the garbage-disposal system to one of my daughters, an officer of her Civics club. I enjoy the fact that one can never walk to the business section without being offered a lift by every passing driver.

I am growing more accustomed to accepting kindness. But I have never ceased to cherish an incident that happened soon after we moved here.

The war (one of the wars) was in progress then, and the affair concerned a Japanese family living not far from us. I shall call them the Yamotos. They spoke English well and were interested in politics only to the extent that they had left Japan

because they preferred democratic ways. Mr. Yamoto commuted with the other husbands, and Mrs. Yamoto attended sessions of the PTA and compared notes with the other wives on report cards and pressure cookers.

Then an ugly thing happened. The Yamotos, like all of us, had a vegetable garden where the back lawn used to spread. One sweet spring night it was broken into and uprooted. Who the vandals were was never discovered. I think we all prayed that it was children's work. Surely we did not harbor here an adult mind so twisted as to consider the outrage a patriotic act!

Hate, the kind of hate that darkened Europe, seemed to be casting its shadow on our own people. But, true to my city training, I thought of atonement in terms of letters to the papers. My neighbors protested less and did more. By evening the garden had been replanted. There were no public statements, no petitions, no paid protests. Simply, people with gardens of their own came hurrying with plants and seedlings; with spades for digging and stakes to drive into the ground. By an act of common love we wiped out our uncommon shame.

Oh, this is no Eden. We have our bores and our braggarts, our snobs and our slanderers. But I believe the scales, if there were scales to measure human nature, would tip in the right direction. Kindness has become a way of life. We do not try to legislate our neighbor. And when we cannot like him, we at least can love him.

I sat three summers before last in a church crowded to the final aisles. It was 7:30 of a weekday morning, but a third of the village was there. The polio epidemic had struck a young neighbor of ours and her three-month-old baby. We had come to pray for them. A few phone calls had been made the night before, a few messages passed. And here we were: the lazy, the beset, the late risers, the men on the way to the 8:02, the women with children still asleep at home. I still recall the emotion of that moment.

As the world grows colder and darker, we need to remember these things. There must be thousands of villages as old-fashioned as ours, warmed by the hearth fires of compassion. Surely a flame so kindled and so fed can never be altogether extinguished.



THE ANSWER MAN

A parochial-school science class was being given a final examination. One of the questions was, "Which are the last teeth to appear in the mouth?"

One youngster's succinct answer: "False."

Coronet (Nov. '59).

More 'Good' Families Every Year

*Sociologist team finds the future
brightest ever for family life*



AMERICA is entering a new era in which family life will be sounder, healthier, and happier than ever before. About 85% of all American families have found a formula for successful living within the tensions of urban society, and this group is steadily growing in numbers and influence.

That is the conclusion of two eminent sociologists who have just completed a research project called the Harvard Survey of Happy Families. The survey will be published by the Public Affairs Press under the title *Successful American Families*. The researchers are Dr. Carle C. Zimmerman of Harvard and Father Lucius F. Cervantes, S.J., of St. Louis university. Their work, subsidized by the Harvard Social Relations laboratory and the Ford Foundation, involved the analysis of 60,000 questionnaires sent to high-school seniors all around the country.

Their findings constitute what is considered the most intensive study

of family life in America ever made, and are in sharp contrast with the theories of widely read prophets of social doom, such as Oswald Spengler, Jean-Paul Sartre, and Dr. Alfred Kinsey.

Drs. Zimmerman and Cervantes found that the 15% of all families who have not yet found the formula for successful living are severely affected by social stresses. These families are largely the source of such social infections as divorce, desertion, narcotics addiction, and sundry crime. The two sociologists point out that the great error of the pessimists is the concentration on the 15% whose problems are not truly symptomatic of the general population. They say that 20th-century America has discovered a new pattern for living which promises to lead to a renaissance of the U.S. family. And

*485 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Sept. 13-20, 1959. © 1959 by the United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

they make three important assertions.

1. *The number of good families, now 85%, is increasing faster than is generally believed.* The 85% are the backbone of our society.

The average good family, which used to have one or two children, now has three or more. In the last decade the number of families in the U.S. with three or more children has almost *doubled*. This in itself is a reflection of the optimism the good families feel about the America which their children will inherit.

2. *The children of the good families promise to be even better than their parents.* "More young people are doing more good and creative things than ever before in our history. The good families are pushing their children upwards in the social system, and those children are unusually creative." It is because of the children of these families that we have a higher proportion of high-school and college students than ever before.

3. *The bad families are not "lost."* Their children are by no means doomed to repeat their parents' errors. By deliberately choosing good families as associates and isolating themselves from bad families, some of the members of the 15% group are regaining their lost social status.

But along with this encouraging discovery, some bad families, instead of improving, seem to be growing worse. A big reason is that they don't associate with enough good families. The gaps are widening.

"But the situation should tend to straighten itself out within two generations because the bad families are becoming a smaller and smaller segment of our society." The delinquents, the divorced, jailbirds and the institutionalized are less likely to have children than are people from good families.

What formula have America's successful families found for maintaining their strength and unity in the face of rapid social change? The Harvard survey was conducted specifically to find the answer to that question.

As a first step, Drs. Zimmerman and Cervantes had to determine a simple, easily applied standard by which they could decide whether a specific family could be classified as "good" or "successful." They settled upon these tests: 1. no divorce or desertion; 2. no juvenile arrest; 3. no children dropping out of school before completing the senior year in high school.

They made this major discovery. Many millions of American families have created a new pattern for living which is actually a 20th-century version of the ancient family clan.

Here is how the new clan system works. Each of the successful families surrounds itself with about five other families which share their ideals and many of the same characteristics. Usually these "friend families" have: 1. the same religion; 2. same region of origin (South, Midwest, Northeast, etc.); 3. approxi-

mately the same income; 4. often a relationship by blood or marriage.

The researchers emphasize the fact that the five closest friend families who make up the core of the modern clan exercise great influence upon children because they become almost a part of the family itself, and form a protective wall around it. "These friends are people you eat with; who may come into your home regularly without knocking; who may borrow a bottle of soda from your refrigerator when you aren't home and return it the next day; who know more about your income-tax problems than anyone else," explains the survey.

How much difference did the careful choice of these closest friends make in the lives of the family and of the children? "In every city the 'good' families have the most in common with their friends," report the researchers. "Families having similar backgrounds, values, interests, and outlooks with their friends show the lowest divorce, desertion, juvenile-arrest, and school drop-out rates." By contrast, families sharing none of the four traits of religion, income, region of origin, or kinship with their friends usually have the worst records.

Dr. Zimmerman and Dr. Cervantes also made this discovery. The five closest friends of a particular family usually have, in turn, five other close friends. Result: the children have direct, close contacts with five families but can often count on the back-

ing of 25 to 30 families. The closest friends often volunteer the assistance of their other close friends in helping a child choose a college, find a job, or make a major decision.

More important, these 25 families create a healthy social climate for the child of a "good" family. For example, these close friends and friends-of-friends will help determine a child's attitude toward trashy literature and outright pornography. These friends also help to keep the children more interested in life achievement through school and make for better husband-wife relations within the home.

Further discoveries concerned the relation of delinquency to income extremes, effects of interfaith marriages, and attitudes toward broken homes.

1. *Poverty, wealth, and juvenile delinquency.* A child has a much better chance to stay out of trouble with the police if his parents earn more than \$2,000 but less than \$10,000.

"The connection between poverty and delinquency has long been recognized," the two sociologists observe. "We found three reasons for this. There is a very high percentage of broken homes in the low-income group. The mothers are more likely to be employed outside the home; therefore, unable to exert full control over the children. These youngsters are likely to live in crowded areas, where there is little room for the normal activities of restless teen-

agers. That in itself leads to many brushes with the police."

But what about youngsters whose parents are well off, even rich? Drs. Zimmerman and Cervantes observe, "Families with incomes of more than \$10,000 a year have more than average difficulty in controlling their children. This is reflected in higher arrest records, even though these families probably have more to give their children, are able to keep them away from the streets, and have more connections to quash arrest attempts or to compose peacefully without arrests brushes between the police and their children."

The sociologists report that teenagers in higher-income families often get into trouble for two reasons: too much freedom, and too much money.

2. *The facts about interfaith marriage.* Nine thousand of the 60,000 families studied had mixed marriages. The two researchers sought neither to denounce nor defend interfaith marriages, but simply to discover the facts about them. They found as follows.

Couples with different religious affiliations have fewer children than those who marry within their own faith.

Children of interfaith marriages are much less likely to finish high school than those whose parents are of the same religious faith.

Six out of every ten children of a Catholic-Protestant marriage end by rejecting all religions.

About half of the Catholic men who marry non-Catholics abandon their faith.

Men and women of all faiths showed a higher divorce rate when they married someone of a different religion. In an interfaith marriage by a Protestant, the divorce rate was two or three times as great as in an all-Protestant marriage. Among Catholics, the increase was three or four times. Among Jews, five or six times. Among other religions, two to three times.

In this survey, Jewish men had the highest percentage of interfaith marriages. Twenty-four per cent of those studied had married non-Jews.

The teen-age arrest rates are much higher in mixed-marriage families. When Protestant men married outside their faith in St. Louis, Omaha, and Denver, their youngsters suffered twice as many arrests as youngsters in single-faith homes. In marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics, the arrests of teen-age children in every city doubled or tripled. The children of Jewish husbands and Gentile wives in Boston, St. Louis, Denver, and Omaha had four to ten times as many arrests for juvenile offenses as the children of all-Jewish marriages in those cities.

3. *Good families avoid bad ones.* Another surprising discovery in this four-year survey was that good families are rigid about avoiding friendships with any kind of broken family. This attitude prevails whether the afflicted family is broken by di-

orce, desertion, or even the death of a husband or wife.

When a family is struck by a divorce, desertion, or juvenile arrest, it is almost always pushed into the ranks of faraway friends. The old intimacy ends. Strangely, the same thing happens when a family is broken by death of husband or wife. The researchers found that the avoidance of families broken by death is part of the general pattern of protecting children from any non-ideal family.

"Contrary to what many think, and what we thought at the beginning of this study, the death of one parent may often cause a severe disturbance in the life of a child. The social network of friends about these quasi-orphaned children is considerably disrupted," the Harvard survey revealed.

Although the study illuminated some dark corners in American fam-

ily life, the two distinguished sociologists who conducted it emphasized that their most important discovery was highly encouraging. "We seem to be entering a new era in which American family life will be sounder, healthier, and happier than ever before," they observe.

In a spontaneous and heretofore unnoticed social development, these good families have managed to:

Keep their own families together, untouched by divorce or desertion.

Keep their children in school through the senior year in high school.

Keep their children out of trouble with the police.

Protect their children from the small group of negative, defeated families in the U.S.

Provide a protective wall of good families around their children.

Offer their children a pattern for successful, happy living.



THE PERFECT ASSIST

My sister, a nun, belongs to a Community that staffs a parochial school in our diocese. It was a great day for the parish, and particularly for the Sisters, when a new school and convent were completed. The archbishop, Richard Cardinal Cushing, came to bless the building.

At the luncheon after the ceremonies, my sister was assigned to pour the cardinal's coffee. She was so nervous over serving such a distinguished guest that her hands shook, and she spilled some coffee in his saucer.

The cardinal observed her embarrassment. "Don't worry about it," he exclaimed, with a benevolent smile. "Sure, this is the way my father used to drink his coffee!" And with that he poured the contents of the cup into the saucer and drank from it.

Mona Stinson.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$50 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$50 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

By Walter M. Abbott, S.J.
Condensed from "America"*

Toward One Bible

*How about a Catholic-Protestant version
of the Sacred Scriptures in English?*



CATHOLIC, Protestant, and Jewish biblical research scholars are working together lately in unprecedented ways. Some biblical scholars think that agreement in linguistic studies has reached the point where a uniform translation of the Bible acceptable to both Catholics and Protestants is a real possibility.

The working out of a common translation might solve the dispute about the "apocryphal"* books, put an end to the different numberings of the Commandments, different numberings of the Psalms, and different spellings of biblical names.

Father Brendan McGrath, o.s.b., president of the Catholic Biblical Association of America, has pointed out that there is no question of any compromise of defined Catholic faith but that Catholic scholars are increasingly willing to use the work of researchers outside the church.

Robert C. Dentan, an Episcopalian professor at the General Theo-

logical seminary, New York City, attended the Catholic Biblical association meeting last year as an official delegate from the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, a non-denominational organization. The CBA and the SBLE have agreed to exchange official delegates at their annual meetings from now on.

It is common now to read in a review that someone's new book is "a welcome aid to the biblical scholar," as Eric May, o.f.m.cap., said of the Protestant J. J. von Allmen's *Companion to the Bible* in a recent issue of the *Catholic Biblical Quarterly*.

The objective approach is so carefully followed at some leading centers of basic biblical studies that students of all faiths study together. For many years William F. Albright, a Methodist, taught Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish clergymen in his department of Semitic studies at Johns Hopkins university. He did so without offense to anyone. He did not teach theology, of course, but

*The deuterocanonical books. Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, I and II Maccabees, and parts of Esther and Daniel are in the Catholic Bible but not in the Protestant or Hebrew Bibles.

*70 E. 45th St., New York City 17. Oct. 24, 1959. © 1959 by the America Press, and reprinted with permission.

trained his students to discern the primary sense of ancient texts. He helped them bring to bear the latest knowledge about ancient modes of expression garnered from archaeological discoveries and language study. In a biblical lecture arranged by the Paulist Fathers in Boston last March, Dr. Albright pointed out that there can be nothing but unanimity of opinion about biblical matters when it is a question of scientific method and historical criticism.

The department of Semitic languages at the Catholic University of America is attracting non-Catholic students as well as Catholics. A rabbi and a Jewish layman have already taken M.A. degrees there, and a Jewish cantor is a candidate for the Ph.D. degree. In Baltimore there is an interesting case of objective cooperation in scholarship: the dean of Hebrew college teaches at Goucher college, a Protestant institution, and uses a textbook by an American Catholic biblical scholar.

Gatherings of Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish biblical scholars are not the rare events they used to be. Regional meetings of the SBLE bring scholars of all faiths together. At the annual meeting in New York City in 1958 one session of the American Textual Criticism seminar presented a discussion of recent Old Testament text studies by Msgr. Patrick W. Skehan of the Catholic university and Prof. Harry M. Orlinsky of the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion. Prof. Bruce M.

Metzger of Princeton Theological seminary was in charge of the discussion.

Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish scholars met in a biblical-history symposium at Loyola university in fall, 1958. Last May, Wayne State university, Detroit, held a conference on Old Testament studies that was a commendable effort to present modern biblical scholarship to the general public. A bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church, a Catholic monsignor, and a Jewish rabbi were chairmen of the conference; some of the best Catholic and non-Catholic biblical scholars in the country were on the panel that answered questions from a large audience. As the *Catholic Biblical Quarterly* noted, the public could conclude from the conference that "scholars of moderate views" have reached a substantial agreement on principles, methods, and conclusions of biblical scholarship, whatever their religious affiliations may be. The panel explicitly refused to go beyond the area of historical and literary questions.

The team of scholars under the direction of Roland de Vaux, O.P., that is piecing together and translating fragments of the Dead Sea scrolls includes four Catholic priests and four non-Catholic laymen. Besides agreeing on what the texts say, these scholars are able to reach unanimous conclusions. One such is that the Dead Sea scrolls support an early (1st century) dating of St. John's Gospel.

Scholars of different faiths work together at excavating biblical sites in Palestine and the Near East, and they have held annual visiting professorships at the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem. Louis F. Hartman, C.S.S.R., executive secretary of CBA, is annual professor for the academic year 1959-60. *Studiorum Novi Testamenti Societas*, an international group of biblical scholars, has a Belgian Franciscan on the editorial board of its publication, *New Testament Studies*; a Belgian Benedictine and a German priest were members of the committee for the general meeting of the society last September; a Catholic bishop read one of the most learned papers. Acknowledgment of Catholic scholars and their willingness to cooperate in objective biblical studies have become so common in Europe that something of a scandal arose when it was discovered that no Catholics had been invited to read papers at the 3rd Congress of the International Organization for the Study of the Old Testament. The situation was immediately corrected.

W. G. Kümmel, one of Europe's foremost Protestant biblical scholars, often tells students and scholars who have difficulty in keeping up with the vast flow of literature about the Bible that they should consult two works produced by Catholics: *New Testament Abstracts* and the bibliography of *Biblica*. For many years now scholars of all faiths have relied on *Biblica*, published by the Ponti-

fical Biblical institute in Rome, for very complete and accurate listings of books and articles about biblical matters published anywhere in the world. *New Testament Abstracts*, a Weston college publication edited by John J. Collins, S.J., with the collaboration of an international team of experts, provides summaries of the current periodical literature three times a year in English. The work of Catholics and non-Catholics is here made available to all scholars for accurate and up-to-date knowledge about what is going on in biblical research.

A Jesuit biblical scholar, John L. McKenzie, wrote in the *Journal of Biblical Literature* (Sept., '58) that unanimity in textual criticism, historical investigation, exegesis, and even theological synthesis of the Bible is "theoretically independent of confessional differences."

The late Robert A. Dyson, S.J., professor of exegesis at the Pontifical Biblical institute in Rome for 20 years, thought there was not a single Protestant scholar who would not accept the idea of a unified Bible. Since Catholics and Protestants use the same critical editions of the biblical manuscripts as the basis for their work, it would seem an easy step to a joint translation of the Bible for the Christian people.

The English-speaking people came close to something like it when Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, gave permission for the publication of a commentary on

the Revised Standard version of the Bible. The Revised Standard version, often referred to as RSV, is the work of a group of Protestant scholars who revised the American Standard version of 1901, which had been a revision of the King James version, published in 1611. The plan of the British Catholic scholars called for some revisions—about 20—but the cardinal died before the project could be carried out.

Robert M. Grant, prominent Protestant scholar and president of SBL, favors the idea of a uniform translation of the Bible. He made a joint statement with J. Coert Rylaarsdam, a fellow professor of the Federated Theological faculty, University of Chicago. "The proposal of a common translation would eventually

challenge us all, but especially Protestants, to reconsider the role and location of the so-called apocrypha, or 'deutero-canonical' books."

Abbot Christopher Butler, the English Benedictine scholar, wrote not long ago, "What a wonderful achievement it would be if we could agree with the Protestants on one modern translation of the whole Bible, such that they and we could use it in our theology and our 'ecumenical' discussions!" It would, indeed, be a great achievement in the history of Christianity if cooperation in biblical scholarship could give us a common translation of the Bible. We would then be talking about the same Commandments, and there would be hope for better observance of the one great Commandment.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

In oil-rich Texas, at a drive-in movie: "Please answer your car phones promptly to avoid disturbing the other patrons." Dr. L. Binder.

Before a lobster bar presided over by a white-hatted chef in an Atlantic City, N. J., restaurant: "LOBSTERTRICIAN." Frances Benson.

Over a Manhattan bar: "Work is the curse of the drinking man." L.B.

On an antique shop in San Diego, Calif.: "Den of Antiquity." Theresa Egan.

On an Ardmore, Pa., antique shop: "Willing to Haggle!" Mrs. Deane Binder.

On Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe, Philadelphia, Pa.: "Wette Painte."
Journal of the American Medical Association (15 May '57).

On the back of a car crossing the George Washington bridge: "Be careful. I'm not as good a driver as you think you are." *Philadelphia Inquirer* (18 Nov. '59).

On a movie marquee in San Diego, Calif.: "Tarzan's Greatest Adventure—A Hole in the Head." T.E.

On a trash wagon in Inglewood, Calif.: "Satisfaction guaranteed or double your trash back." Morris Bender.



Write me a letter

Nothing else can take its place

WHEN I had my appendix out a few years ago, I received about 30 get-well cards. I was touched that so many people had thought of me. Some I hardly knew by name.

But I also remember my feeling of disappointment that among all the sprightly and colorful cards was not one personal note. Perhaps it was my European upbringing that made me miss the human touch in these outward signs of remembrance. I have since become accustomed to this aspect of American life. But on holidays and birthdays I still feel a pang when I find my mailbox jammed with printed greeting cards. The per-

sonal letter, one of life's purer joys and nicer surprises, seems to be on its way out.

I read an article in *Fortune* magazine some time ago which gave me an idea of just how big a business greeting cards have become. There is a card for every imaginable human condition, from conception ("A Little Bird Told Me You Are Expecting") to the grave ("Heartfelt Sympathy"). According to *Fortune*, one company offers a "fitting" card for consoling a friend who is to be executed in the state penitentiary. The magazine estimates that in 1958 the industry grossed about \$275 million from the sale of cards to retailers.

Greeting cards relieve us of the bother of thinking up an appropriate message. If I want to tell Jim, for instance, how sorry I am that he has broken a leg, I needn't trouble to tell him so myself. The greeting-card manufacturer had thought of Jim's sorry condition long before he broke his leg and had nicely formulated several appropriate expressions for just such an occasion.

How much simpler for me to send a prerecorded message, artistically decorated, than to tackle the hard chore of writing Jim a personal note. To make it a good and true letter I would have to forget myself for a moment and concentrate on Jim.

The shortest personal note, hastily

**St. Meinrad, Ind.*, November, 1959. © 1959 by *St. Meinrad Archabbey*, and reprinted with permission.

scribbled on a simple piece of paper, says at least: I shared a moment of my time and a bit of my thinking with you. Contrast that implicit message with one like this.

*Pansies always stand for thoughts
At least that's what folks say
So this just comes to show my
thoughts
Are here with you today.*

That particular sentiment has, according to *Fortune*, sold 8 million copies since 1943, making it an all-time best seller in the greeting-card business.

People were once given to living much of their lives in letters. Such letters have become our most important means for understanding bygone times. What future judgment will be passed on the intellectual climate of our times?

Probably the most precious letters are those written regularly and with a sense of love and devotion by the separated members of a family. My wife and I, as immigrants from Europe, found that for the last seven years our life has seemed to revolve around writing and receiving letters.

Through them, we have regularly shared with our friends in Germany the things that make up our new way of life. And they in turn, through letters, keep alive in us the memories of the past.

Without this regular exchange, we would have become strangers long ago. Instead, both their lives and ours are the richer for shared joys and sorrows, hopes and achievements. During our struggle to adjust to new surroundings a "letter from home" sustained us in much the same way as it supports a soldier in the field.

Thanks to my wife's indefatigable reporting of our daily trivialities, the seven years of our new life are now on record. We live it again in the stories, photos, leftovers of children's first haircuts, and samples of their artistic accomplishment.

Letters are a bond of love which cannot be replaced by any other means of communication. Despite all our modern means for the rapid exchange of messages, our neglect of the personal letter has contributed to the loneliness of modern man; its revival would make us richer in heart, soul, and mind.



The late W. C. Fields was once asked to speak at a ladies' garden-club meeting. "What?" he roared. "Me stand up before a bunch of cackling females? Never!"

"Why, Mr. Fields!" exclaimed the president. "Can it be that you don't believe in clubs for women?"

"I do, indeed, madam," Fields assured her grandly. "But only after all other means of persuasion have failed."

Mrs. Deane Binder.



A Job for Grandpa

Increased life expectancy means that our years are being stretched like rubber bands—youth and middle age are prolonged as well as old age

MEDICAL SCIENCE has added 20 years to life expectancy since 1900, giving us, quite literally, more old people than we know what to do with. Not more than we welcome, or more than we need, yet far more than will find firm places for themselves in a country that is still geared to youth.

The story is the familiar one of science moving faster than society. We learned long since of an impending abundance of old folks, but not much was done about the problem. We are still without plans for promoting the happiness of the elderly or for using their experience and wisdom. Both industry and government are guilty of unpreparedness, and the senior citizens themselves are no less perplexed than the rest of us. They aren't sure where they belong in the scheme of things, and seem only slightly more certain where they'd like to belong.

In 1870, about 80% of all Americans over 65 were usefully employed. Now only 30% are, despite proof that both men and women are far healthier and more alert at that age today than their counterparts 90 years ago were.

Some, to be sure, are enjoying voluntary retirement. But a staggering number of others, benched by groundless theories equating 65 with senility, are yearning to get back into the game.

A similar dilemma looms in those homes where married sons and daughters still insist that their retired parents, especially widows and widowers, move in with them and allow themselves to be "taken care of." Many a man turned 65 is no sooner ejected from his lifetime job than he is just as briskly pulled into membership of a household not his own. If he suppresses any unfavorable reaction to the idea, hoping to avoid hard feelings, he may become convinced by and by that everything is for the best. But is it?

Doctors working in geriatrics say that few laymen even understand

what a longer life span means, let alone know how to deal with it. The most common belief is that it means simply an extended old age, a few extra years of senility stuck in between retirement and the grave. But there is no evidence for this theory. Medical science is not concerned with winning deathbed reprieves. It is aimed at slowing the whole aging process, starting from the cradle. So not just the last phase of life, but youth, too, now covers more time than it used to; so does middle age.

Clark Tibbitts, a member of the staff on the aging in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, has said that because of medical advances, "Middle age doesn't begin until 45 and it runs to 60. But even then we don't come to old age. Today, even at 60, people just don't get old. They enter what we now call late middle age, and this runs for 15 years—to 75. Only then does modern old age begin."

Mr. Tibbitts may have exaggerated a bit, but his point is valid. Stretching the human life, like stretching a rubber band, means extending each piece of it, not just the last small section. So how can we justify mandatory early retirement, employment policies that discriminate against applicants only 40 years old, and similar dubious outgrowths of our apparent obsession with youth?

"It's all a gentle deception forced on us by economics," one businessman says. "In a typical company—

one like mine—there are just so many jobs and no more. We hire young people to keep the company vigorous, and naturally they expect to move up when they're ready. Everyone does. Promotion is the first incentive for good work. But how can we promote them if there aren't any jobs to promote them to?

"That's what happens when the older men don't retire. The whole system gets clogged up at the top. Promotions can't be made, morale drops, output declines. So we have to tell the older people they *must* step down.

"A fixed retirement age is essential to the company's survival. And since we have a pension plan, it's not as though we just threw them out in the street, either. You know what the Indians used to do? They took old warriors and pushed them off a cliff. Any person who wasn't producing wasn't wanted. We've come a long way since then. Sure, we make our employees quit, but we pay them to stay home, too. That's what pensions and Social Security amount to. What more can you ask?"

Such reasoning in business circles is an admission that forced retirements are designed, not for those retiring, but for those who stand to succeed them. But most retirement-benefit plans are still described as being primarily planned for the benefit of the retired. And though this deception might be excused because of kindly intent ("Why make the old folks feel useless?"), there remains

the larger question of whether it's wise in the first place; whether it really profits a firm to get rid of its older hands.

Research indicates that older workers are more reliable than young ones. They suffer fewer accidents; they have a consistently lower record of absence; they take responsibility more to heart.

At the time of our deepest depression, between 15 and 20 million Americans were out of work. By 1975, if present trends prevail, we will have 25 million citizens over 65 alone, most of them unemployed, whether willingly or not. Add the increased number of young people expected to move from high school to college, instead of to jobs, and you'll see a future in which the working force of a country growing rapidly in population will be composed of an ever dwindling percentage of its citizens.

The danger will not be that the necessary work won't get done, but that too few people will share the financial rewards for having helped do it. A sound economy depends on most of the people earning money (and spending it). A larger and larger army of nonworkers is an alarming prospect.

While various committees, both national and state, continue their search for solutions, what can the senior citizen do right now? One answer, requiring the cooperation of a kindly employer, is part-time work. Medical specialists say that sudden

and complete retirement is a threat to both health and morale. Better for a man or woman to take a menial job, they say, than to wake up with nothing to do. In most cases, the jobs they find will carry little responsibility and less pay, but they will give a sense of independence, which is what many old people need most.

Unfortunately, such independence is bound to be more psychological than financial. Social Security payments, in spite of their being composed of deferred wages honestly earned years earlier, are denied to anyone making \$100 a month. Such a discouraging restriction naturally keeps inactive those over 65 who seek work but are reluctant to pay for the privilege of performing it. And since three-fourths of all retired people have a taxable income of under \$1,000 a year (notwithstanding the public image of retirement as a continuous world cruise in luxury accommodations), it isn't as though they couldn't use the money.

Many old folks are kept inactive, too, because their own families prefer them to be. In one small Southern town, a retired widower, the father of a local bank president, developed a longing for freedom and moved out of the house he had been sharing with his son's family. He rented a one-room apartment, then solicited work mowing lawns and doing odd jobs. His son tried frantically to persuade him to return. What would people think of a bank president who kept his father cooped

up in a tiny room and let him cut grass for a living?

The old man refused to yield. He assured his son that the community would have more sense than to draw foolish conclusions. Such determination among oldsters is rare. Age inspires doubt and doubt invites drifting. Yet men and women whose usefulness is being silently challenged by society, and who want to live their own lives, could do worse than imitate the old gentlemen's initiative.

A recently retired carpenter embarked not long ago on the task of building a small "grandfather's house" for himself at the back of a large lot where his son has a home. The project offers rewarding work, and living in the finished house will give him a feeling of independence combined with the comforting knowledge that his family is close by.

Of course, not all experiments are that ambitious. At the request of a widowed mother who wanted to live near relatives yet retain her privacy and freedom, one couple built an apartment for her over their large garage. In another city, a shed attached to a young wife's home has been converted into a two-room apartment for her parents, complete with picture window and kitchenette. A third family solved the problem simply by cutting a private entrance into a downstairs bedroom.

Some members of the senior generation have learned that the question of work need no longer involve

a black-or-white choice between complete inertia and a 40-hour week. A retired industrial manager who owns a sailboat has found a job at a camp six months a year. He will teach others how to sail. A postman whose study of birds has taken up much of his spare time over the last 50 years has uncovered a similar opportunity teaching Boy Scouts.

A woman who loved books started a library for shut-ins. A widow whose cooking was the best in the neighborhood had no trouble winning a job with the school-lunch program. Other housewives interested in civic affairs have found openings with welfare agencies, the Red Cross, political organizations, and church groups.

It would be reassuring to go on and show how any retired person who really wants to can find a rewarding niche for himself, but it would be misleading. There are too few jobs to go around. As the number of old people grows, so do the restrictions.

Discrimination against maturity, if carried to its logical extreme, would deprive the free world of its leaders: Eisenhower, Macmillan, De Gaulle, Nehru, Chiang-Kai-Shek, Ben-Gurion, Pope John xxiii, Adenauer, Syngman Rhee. Why should the very qualities that make these men invaluable—tested knowledge, ripe judgment, and long years of faithful service—cost other men their jobs and livelihood?

By Philip Hughes
Condensed from "A Popular History
of the Catholic Church"*

The First Modern Pope

The legacy Leo XIII left his successors was the lesson that the Church would never convert the world by isolating herself from it

Pope John has announced plans for the 21st Ecumenical council of the Catholic Church. Leo XIII began his reign eight years after the close of the 20th Ecumenical council, which defined the infallibility of the Pope and was prorogued in 1870 in expectation of an invasion of Rome. The period between the two councils has been one of increasing prestige for the Papacy, which Father Hughes here attributes to the initiative of Leo XIII.



There had been strong opposition to his election; and there was much criticism, from within, as his policy was revealed. But Leo brushed the reactionaries aside. "These men are too old for me," he said. The cheerful bonhomie of Pius IX gave place to the steely determination of a Pope who seemed pure intelligence. He could work at his desk ten and 12 hours a day, week in, week out, for years on end; and he took it for granted that the rest of mankind would do the same in the service of the Church. But he had a deep understanding of what was immediately possible.

WITH THE ELECTION of Leo XIII, on Feb. 20, 1878, a new age began in the Church's history. Pius IX had openly said, some little time before his death, that his methods and his policy had had their day.

The new Pope understood this thoroughly and came to his task with his main objectives and plans already determined. He was an old man of 68, spare, frail, delicate, but tough beyond all expectation; and destined to live, in constant activity, for another 25 years.

His new policy can be stated very simply. The prelates ruling the Church in the first two-thirds of the 19th century had such a horror of the principles of the French Revolution (1789-99) that they could think of

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no other course but to work for the extirpation of the new Liberalism that grew out of that revolution. But Liberalism was too strongly entrenched to be moved. The destruction of Liberalism would not necessarily mean a revival of Catholicism, anyway. These two truths were, however, hidden from the majority of ecclesiastics during the early 19th century. They joined in the fierce political battles of the time as close allies of the anti-Liberal governments, in support of the Carlists in Spain and the Bourbons in France and the Austrians in Italy. To support such causes was to be, everywhere, on the beaten side; and so, in Catholic circles, there was, by the time that the long reign of Pius IX came to its end, a general sense of frustration.

Leo XIII was determined to lead the Church out of this blind alley. Liberalism having come to stay, Catholics must be shown how to live in a liberal world, and yet live by their Catholic principles. They must learn, not only how they could survive in such a world, but how to be active loyal citizens of the Liberal states.

The Pope would be their teacher. In some way the Church must adjust itself to the new political society. It must negotiate with what it can no longer command, and it must devise a new, stronger, spiritual formation for the Catholics who are to live, as Catholics, in this nonreligious world. Leo insisted to a generation of Catholics inclined to shun all contact with

the impious new world that only by living in it could the Church fulfil her mission to convert it.

Still more boldly, the Pope proposed to teach the "Liberals in good faith" that Catholicism is the sole guarantee of real liberty. The witness of history is called in to support the Pope's thesis, how it is in the nature of things that civilizations which turn away from God inevitably perish. Leo XIII makes constant appeal to the reasonableness of what the Church claims, when he speaks to the world outside; and to the reasonableness of what it commands, when he is addressing Catholics. Here is a Pope with whom no man will be able to pick a quarrel.

The leading principle of Leo XIII's long reign has permanently characterized all papal action ever since: that the Church should never allow itself to be isolated from the general life of the time. The Pope strove to bring the Papacy into ever closer contact with the day-to-day life of the Church throughout the world. With him began, for example, not, indeed, the fashion of pilgrimage to Rome but such development of the fashion that soon there was hardly a town in the world that had not some Catholics in it who had seen the Pope, heard him speak, received his personal blessing. Since Leo's time the reigning Pope is a more familiar figure to Catholics than, in former ages, their own bishops were to them.

The invention of radio makes it possible now for all the Church to

hear the voice of its earthly head. But the Church in Leo's time had already become far more familiar with his active, practical direction on all questions of the day than with that of any previous Pope.

Leo did great service to the Church when he established the practice of teaching it through frequent encyclical letters, treatises on dogma and morals. The great encyclicals are his most enduring memorial. The hostile forces that so often thwarted his action have disappeared: the empire of the Hohenzollerns, the Third Republic, Casa Savoia; the Catholic kings, too, who paid him little better than lip service. Hapsburgs in Austria and Bourbons in Spain. Their very names begin to be archaeology. But the encyclicals are as alive and pertinent as on the day they were penned. They are more closely studied today than ever.

Three of these letters represent Leo's three main influences upon Catholic thought; -and, taken together, they constitute that new orientation which still governs the life of Catholicism. They are the sources of all the best that has happened since, is happening now, and is likely to happen in the coming age. To be familiar with their teaching is to possess the secret of intelligent co-operation with the papal leadership in the most critical age of all. The

three letters are the *Aeterni Patris* (Aug. 4, 1879), the *Immortale Dei* (Nov. 1, 1885), and the *Rerum Novarum* (May 15, 1891).

The first of these deals with the restoration of St. Thomas Aquinas to his proper place as the primate of Catholic philosophy and theology. The *Aeterni Patris* is the source of all that contemporary influence of Catholicism on the thinkers of the day which is so novel a feature of the modern world. The *Aeterni Patris* is also the source of such a general revival of the study of theology and philosophy that the Church is probably healthier than at any time since the death of St. Thomas himself.

The *Immortale Dei* is the Magna Charta of the Catholic who believes in democracy as the best system of government. It is a compendium of Catholic teaching on the state from the point of view of the whole long controversy between Catholics and the principles of the French Revolution, and it lays down practical principles to guide the Catholic citizen of the new secular states. The third letter, *Rerum Novarum*, is perhaps the best known of all Leo XIII's acts. Its subject is "The Condition of the Working Classes," and it is the foundation of all that Catholic action in social matters which has been, increasingly since 1891, the characteristic of 20th-century Catholicism.



The only reason some people will never argue religion is that they know so very little about it. Charles Ruffing.

Four Words to Win Friends

Many unhappy persons have never learned to say "I could be wrong"

THE X Co. management noticed that employee morale was low. Bickering, faultfinding, dissatisfaction were evident in every department, but nobody could understand why.

The firm had a good personnel policy. It provided for vacations, sick leave, holidays. Pay was good. Staff meetings gave full opportunity for complaints—yet the employees were tense.

Management called in the department heads but couldn't dig up a single clue. Finally, a consultant firm was brought in. The specialists studied the situation, and came up with the answer. The trouble was traced to a supervisor who had come to work only a few months before.

This man came from a firm where a dog-eat-dog atmosphere prevailed. He had had to fight for survival on his last job, so he used the same tactics here: competing, complaining, criticizing, talebearing, back stabbing.



To defend themselves against him, the other department heads had adopted similar tactics. In a short while they were warring not only with him, but with each other. The other employees didn't know what it was all about, but fear, mistrust, and antagonism spread like a plague. The problem was resolved when the man went to work for another company.

Saying that it is "that sort of person who causes all the trouble" doesn't meet the problem. "That sort of person" numbers in the millions. To a greater or lesser degree, we are all "that sort of person," because we all have our feelings of insecurity, and are likely to visit them on each other.

Because of the competitive atmosphere in which we live, we tend to be fearful of each other. We are

afraid of being "taken" or "pushed around." With some, this feeling is out in the open. With most, it is a subtle influence which permeates their lives and colors their attitudes in dealing with others.

Individually, you can't change the world. But you can change the situation of which you are an immediate part. Feelings of threat and tension are contagious, but so are feelings of assurance and cooperation. You can take the initiative in spreading a feeling of security and friendliness in all the groups in which you circulate.

One thing you can do is to reassure the people with whom you work that you are no threat to them. Be the first to make other people feel welcome. This doesn't mean you have to become everybody's dear friend. All you have to do is make them feel comfortable.

The best way to assure another that you are no threat to him is by being interested in what he is doing or by complimenting him on a job he has done. When you compliment someone, you are assuring him that you are glad to see him do well. If he knows that you are happy to see him succeed, he can be sure that you won't do anything to threaten his standing.

Owen is an insecure person. It makes him suffer to see anyone else get ahead. He chokes when he has to congratulate another person on a stroke of good fortune. If he does have to say something nice, because

others are doing it, he will invariably ruin the effect by dragging in some petty criticism.

If you feel the way Owen does, your attitude is a threat to others, and your attitude will show. Furthermore, you may, knowingly or not, do something detrimental to them. Find some reason for complimenting other people, then feel the warmth of their appreciation. You ease their tension by your approval. They ease yours by their response.

Stewart was a leather-goods buyer for a department store. As business grew, his department flourished, and the management decided to set up a separate luggage department. This meant taking that item out of Stewart's domain and bringing in a new buyer to handle luggage exclusively. Stewart lost no salary or prestige, and he made no objection to the change.

Clifford, the new buyer, came in feeling he had to make a name for himself. Stewart welcomed him, showed him the ropes, and got him started on the job. But Clifford acted as though Stewart were a threat to him. He let it be known throughout the store that he was out to make a record in the luggage department that would show up the kind of job Stewart had done.

Stewart felt secure, so Clifford's tactics didn't bother him. But when the sniping continued for three or four months, Stewart became annoyed. He felt like taking Clifford out to the alley and settling the mat-

ter there and then. Instead, he took him out to lunch and brought the issue to a head. He told Clifford he was angry about what had happened, but that he could understand how it had come about, considering Clifford's newness and insecurity.

Then he pointed out the fallacy of Clifford's approach. Why make an enemy of someone who started out to be a friend? "If you want a scrap," he told Clifford, "I'll be glad to take you on. But I'm not interested in fighting. I've got enough to do handling my job. I don't need any more headaches."

Clifford, feeling rather childish, thanked Stewart for having brought him up short. With the imaginary source of threat removed, Clifford gave up his competitive tactics.

Another way you can reduce friction is to give the other fellow a break, particularly on minor issues where either victory or defeat are of little consequence. The mad race to excel generally begins with matters of importance like jobs, salaries, status. But it can spread to trivial matters.

Think of all the tension created every day by these commonplace incidents: the mad rush for subway or bus seats morning and evening; the stampedes that take place at bargain counters; the dash to grab a parking space; the struggle to be waited on first at a crowded store, to be first in the supermarket check-out line; the race to beat everyone on the road.

The advantage may amount to

only a minute or two of time, or perhaps a dime in savings, yet the anger generated is often more damaging than the emotion created by a serious crisis.

The urge to hold on to every advantage, to edge out the other fellow, to get there first, cuts two ways. In its immediate effect, it may hurt only the victim. But the victim then becomes angry and retaliates. He strikes out either at the one who has hurt him or at others. This creates new victims who also feel impelled to retaliate. The reaction spreads in ever-widening circles.

Look at it another way. Does it pay you to get yourself all worked up about getting a seat on the bus, grabbing a 50¢ bargain, or squeezing someone out of a parking space? You gain very little and pay for it with emotional tension. If you lose you become frustrated and resentful. Is it worth it? Think of all the strain you can save yourself by giving up the daily tug of war with others; by giving in once in a while.

Insisting that you are always right is a childish trait that can keep you tense all your life. If you want relief from your tensions, you must recognize that you could be wrong.

Clark insisted that his children obey without question, that they be punished for the slightest disobedience. That was the way he had been brought up. That was the only way he knew.

His wife Stella disagreed. She thought children should be given

their way, not scolded or punished, ever. That was the way she had been brought up; that was the only way she knew.

Before the children were born, Clark and Stella got along beautifully. After the children came, their married life was misery.

Their pastor stepped in when they started to talk about a separation. He didn't try to settle the argument by saying that one was right and the other wrong. He tried only to get them to listen to each other. Gradually, they came to understand that there could be two "correct" answers. Each could appreciate why the other felt as he did.

When you say, "I could be wrong," it leaves your eyes, ears, and mind open for further inquiry. You can accept a new point of view and a new way of doing things.

Saying "I could be wrong" isn't the same as saying "I am wrong." It doesn't mean giving up. It means leaving enough leeway for re-examination of your position. It means taking a more tolerant attitude toward the actions of people who differ with you and who are different from you.

Another way to reduce tension between yourself and others is to come out of your shell. Learn more about others, get to understand them, familiarize yourself with their customs and ways.

Eddie G. grew up on New York's East Side. Up to the time he was 18, he had never been farther west than

New Jersey, farther north than the border of Connecticut, or farther south than Coney Island. Like many immigrant families, Eddie's family stayed very close to their own neighborhood and mixed only with relatives or others of the same national ancestry.

When Eddie got out of school and went to work, he discovered a new world of people with whom he felt timid. His ways and ideas were so different that he found no point of common contact. He was bewildered and frightened. Each day he could scarcely wait to get through with work so he could run back to his family and neighborhood, to the people with whom he felt comfortable and safe.

But he didn't want to stay frightened. He felt ashamed about running away. So every weekend, he would get into his old Ford and drive out to a different town. He ranged as far north as Massachusetts and as far south as Maryland. When he got to his destination, he would go to the general store and ask questions about the town and its people. He would chat as long as he could, and then visit different parts of the area, stopping to talk to people wherever he could.

At work, he made it a point to get to know everybody in the office. He showed particular interest in people of different religious and national backgrounds. He talked over the differences with them. Within a year he was amazed at the transformation

in himself. He felt comfortable with all kinds of people. He liked them.

What Eddie did, you can do. You need not be as systematic, but you can reach out to other people. You can tear down the barbed-wire fences which have kept you apart from

others. You enrich your life by learning about others, and getting to understand them. You can enjoy the heart-warming experience of finding out that, given the opportunity, most people want to know you and like you, and they want you to like them.

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

I served with the U.S. army in Germany. When my first leave came due, I decided to visit some relatives in Italy whom I had never seen before. I knew from their letters that the whole town was very poor, so I brought all the food and extra clothing I could carry, plus a few luxuries like candy and cigarettes.

In Naples I had some trouble finding a taxi driver willing to take me to the distant, desolate, and almost unheard-of town of Rocca San Felice, where my relatives lived. When I finally arrived, I found the image of the town and its people to be much as I had pictured it. The town was stuck in between two hills, and consisted of just one cobbled road lined with small stone houses badly in need of repair. Few had electricity; none had running water. But the people seemed in high spirits and carried their heads proudly.

My aunt and uncle recognized me from a photo they had, and gave me a glorious welcome. I was introduced to their children, who were fondly embracing a fat pig. The kids had reared it from birth, I was told, and it was now almost one of the family.

I was next introduced to the townspeople. I caught the impression that the whole town was one family unit. Each invited me to his home for one of the days I was to be there.

I emptied my duffle bag of the gifts I had brought, and my aunt and uncle reluctantly accepted them. All food was stored in the "pantry," a long wooden chest on the kitchen floor. My relatives told me enough food was stored in the chest to last the winter. During my visit I tried to eat as little as possible, knowing how poor everyone in that town was. But the townspeople insisted that I eat heartily; it would hurt their pride to stint their hospitality.

My final day of leave arrived, and I sat down to my last dinner with my aunt and uncle. One look at the children's tears told me where all that fine looking pork had come from. It was too late to do anything about it, so I said nothing, either. I left the town with a heart that was both sad and glad: sad that the children had sacrificed so much for me; glad that people could be like that.

Arthur Dile.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

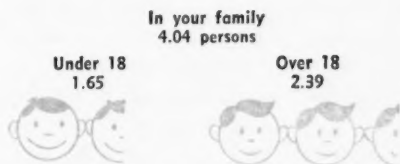
A Look in the Mirror

You Catholic Digest readers have larger-than-average families, superior educations, and better incomes

FAMILIES who read THE CATHOLIC DIGEST have reason to be proud, as well as grateful to the Almighty. They are larger families than the average; they are better educated than the population at large; they are blessed with larger incomes than the U.S. average, and they spend those incomes on things that make for more comfortable living. In every respect, CATHOLIC DIGEST families compare favorably with the readers of 52 other magazines.

The foregoing are some of the things learned from an inspection of U.S. census statistics and of figures compiled for a group of magazines, including THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, by Daniel Starch and staff, a firm of consultants in business research.

You may as well read right off how the Starch people explain their report. "It describes," they say, "the characteristics of the primary households and readers of widely distributed consumer magazines. It describes households which subscribe to or purchase the various magazines (53 of them) in such details as size of family, income, home ownership, ownership of consumer durables, and related data. It also contains detailed descriptions of the persons in these



households who read these magazines, their age, sex, marital status, education, occupation, and other pertinent characteristics."

The primary purpose of the report is to inform advertisers. But the results of the survey constitute a well-defined portrait of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST reader family. Here is who, what, and where you are, and what you do and buy.

In your house are many children under 18 years of age. Of course, you knew that before, because everyone knows that the birth rate among Catholics is higher than that of the general population. In fact, you have more children than the other households.

Your family has 1.65 persons under 18 years, and 2.39 persons 18 and above. Thus, the total number of persons who live in your house is 4.04. (Of course, no one has 39/100ths of a child, but that is how the statisticians slice people up all the time.) These statistics, when

compared with those for all 53 magazines in the survey, place your Catholic house 2nd on the totem pole of population for number of children under 18 years; 2nd also for number of persons over 18; and 4th for total number of persons in the family.

Last official figure for national average family size was 3.35 persons, although this, happily, has been edging up, according to other surveys and projections made since the last census. The three and a fraction persons is made up of 1.8 persons

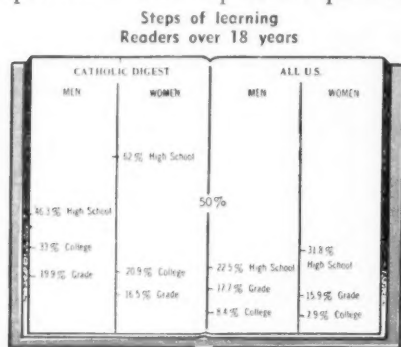
persons over 18 and three which have more persons of any age, that is, more than 4.04 persons. The foregoing figures concern only primary readers, that is, those who live in the house. Other studies show that THE CATHOLIC DIGEST has a tremendous pass-on readership: each copy is read by six Catholics and one non-Catholic.

Assuming that all readers are literate and become literate by going to school, it remains to be seen how much time you spent in being educated. Here we have to take the men first and the women second.

Of the male readers over 18 years old, 19.9% of you went only to grade school, compared with 17.7% in the same age bracket in the nation as a whole; but 46.3% went to high school, against less than half that percentage, or 22.5%, for the U.S. male population over 18.

Now, here is an astounding comparison. Practically a third, 33%, of all male readers of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST over age 18 went to college. But of the general male population over 18 only 8.4% had at least three years of college and 8.7% four years of college or more.

The Catholic women seem to be even a little bit better educated than the men, since 16.5% went only to grade schools, while 62% went to high school, and 20.9% to college. Here, again, the figures far outstrip those for the nation, which are: 15.9% through grade school; 31.8% through high school; 7.9% through



under 18 years and 2.15 persons over 18.

As a CATHOLIC DIGEST reader, you might be interested to know that in your house are 2.08 readers per copy of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST who are over 10 years old and 1.78 readers per copy who are over 18. You should know, too, that the households into which THE CATHOLIC DIGEST comes have more children under 18 years old than the household of any other magazine associated in the study. There is one other magazine household which has more

three years of college; and only 5.3% four years of college or more.

It is common knowledge that Catholics live mostly in cities. You CATHOLIC DIGEST readers do, too, almost 70 to 30. Exactly 69.5% live in metropolitan areas and 30.5% in nonmetropolitan areas. By *nonmetropolitan* the statisticians mean all cities under 50,000 population, rural farms (only 3.5% of you are farmers), and nonrural farms (12.6% of you are there). Here is your farm-city measurement among the 53 magazines: metropolitan, 8th; nonmetropolitan, 39th.

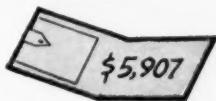
If you care to glance back over the preceding paragraph, you can compare yourself with the nation at large in respect to place of abode. Nationally, the people live 58.5% in metropolitan areas; 41.5% in nonmetropolitan areas, with 13.1% on rural farms and 23.8% on nonrural farms.

If you don't live on a farm—and most of you don't—your median income is \$5,907. *Median* isn't the same as *average*; it is the figure below and above which there are an equal number of cases. This means, then, that half of you make less than \$5,907 a year, and half of you more. As a matter of fact, you are almost the median among the other magazines, 23rd.

Your median income is above that of the U.S. as a whole, which is \$4,237.

Craftsmen make up the largest percentage, 18.1%, of heads of CATH-

Catholic Digest families report this median income:



All U.S. families report this median income:



OLIC DIGEST reader households, closely followed by professional and technical workers, 14.1%, and operatives (production-line workers, and the like), 12.5%. These are followed, in the order given, by clerical workers, officials, business owners, salespeople, housewives, services workers, and farmers and farm laborers.

You rate far above the averages in home ownership. You are 13th among the readers of 53 magazines. More than three fourths, or 75.3%, of the households which receive THE CATHOLIC DIGEST are owned by the people who live there, or you at least have a title of ownership (no one was asked if the mortgage was paid off). Of the occupied dwelling units in all the U.S., 60.4% are owner occupied; the remainder are lived in by renters.

A nice thing about a house is to be able to go away from it now and then so as to have the bounding joy of returning home to rediscover the

75.3% of Catholic Digest families



60.4% of all U.S. families



Own their own homes



86.3%
of Catholic Digest families
own one or more cars



74%
of all U.S. families
own one or more cars

love of wife and children. You do that with a car; and you also take the family on trips, long or short. Exactly 86.3% of you have a car; 20.4% have two cars; 3.1% have three. Of the 52 million families in the U.S. in 1958, 74% owned at least one automobile; private surveys have upped this percentage to 80%.

You rate high in purchases of many other things that make life easier, such as electric toasters, refrigerators, ranges, irons, washers,

driers, lawn mowers, shavers. It would be hard indeed to find a CATHOLIC DIGEST reader family without an electric toaster, refrigerator, gas or electric range, or electric iron (70% with steam). Of you all, 91.1% have a vacuum cleaner, and even more of you radios and TV sets. You have more electric clocks than anyone else; that is, obviously, to make sure you get to Mass on time.

So there is your profile as you go about the business of living in the world according to God's will. THE CATHOLIC DIGEST is not as important in your life as many other things; but it does give you useful information and some inspiration. Its editors do their best not to be dull or stuffy. They try to help you to love God and his creatures a little more by helping you to understand Him, and his world, and yourselves in it, a little better.



*P*ictured: Waves put their heads down and charged the yacht. J. M. Scott . . . Wet-dog sociability. Mary C. Dorsey . . . Wrinkle: the nick of time. David Condon . . . Moon roosting in a tree. Flannery O'Connor . . . Loud two-

syllable laugh. J. M. Scott . . . Looking like a codfish with something on its mind. P. G. Wodehouse . . . Smile like a lemon trying to be an éclair. Gertrude O'Connell.

Peopled: She's the real macaw. Mary C. Dorsey . . . Suffering from I strain. Desmond Broadbery . . . She used to diet on any kind of food she could lay her hands on. Bugs Baer . . . She withdrew her mind from her face. Mary C. Dorsey.

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

By Hugh G. Smith
*Condensed from "The Sign"**

Premier Lemass of Ireland

*He is determined to make
the Vanishing Irishman
a figure of folklore*



SEAN LEMASS, who succeeded Eamon de Valera as premier of Ireland, is convinced that his most urgent task is to keep the Irish at home by improving the Irish economy. He thinks that some of the other aims of the Irish republicans, like restoring the Irish language and uniting the North and the South, can come later. For him, the thought of a Gaelic-speaking impoverished Ireland, from which young people continue to emigrate by the thousands to England or the U.S., is intolerable.

Lemass is a 60-year-old man with a strong, tanned face, friendly but searching brown eyes, and jet black hair. He moves and speaks briskly.

The Lemass family was of French extraction, but Sean Lemass is a Dubliner, with a warm affection for his native city. When he left the Christian Brothers' school where he received his early education and went behind the counter of his father's drapery and hat store in Chapel St., the winds of revolution

against English rule were blowing through the Irish capital. Sean and his brother Noel got caught up by them.

In 1915, when Sean was only 15, he joined a battalion of the Irish Volunteers. The commandant was a lanky, professional young man named Eamon de Valera. Nine months later, when Commandant-Gen. Patrick Pearse and his headquarters staff marched into the general post office in O'Connell St. to start the insurrection of Easter Monday, 1916, Sean was along. He saw the green, white, and orange flag of the Irish Republic hoisted, heard the famous Proclamation read, and at the close of that memorable week saw O'Connell St. in flames as the Volunteers surrendered to the British. Because of his youth, the boy rebel was released after a few weeks.

For a brief spell young Sean was

*Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. December, 1959. © 1959, and reprinted with permission.

back in his father's store, but when the war against the British flamed again he was out with his brother Noel fighting against the Black and Tans. Then came the Anglo-Irish treaty of 1921 and the disastrous split in the republican movement. De Valera opposed ratification of the treaty negotiated by Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins.

Sean took his stand with de Valera in the bitter civil war which followed, and was in the Four Courts garrison when it was attacked by Irish Free State troops. On the surrender of the garrison, following a heavy bombardment, he was taken prisoner. Later he escaped and joined de Valera's field headquarters, where he served until the civil war ended.

Towards the end of 1925, when Irish republicanism was in the doldrums, Lemass, then 25, proposed to de Valera the idea of a new republican party to be known as Fianna Fail, or the Soldiers of Destiny. The name Fianna was taken from the heroes of Irish mythology. De Valera agreed. From a modest office in Mount Street Crescent, Lemass began methodically to organize what ultimately became the greatest political machine that Ireland has ever known.

He traveled over every county, into the smallest villages, forming branches of the new party. "I came to know every little road and the smallest villages during those organizing days," he says. In 1932 the par-

ty swept de Valera into power. Lemass was named Fianna Fail's first minister for industry and commerce. At 33, he was the youngest cabinet minister in Europe.

In the same year in which he launched Fianna Fail, Lemass was married to Kathleen Hughes. He and Kathleen met through the happy summer relationship that developed between their families at the pleasant little town of Skerries, on County Dublin's lovely east coast. For many years Skerries has provided Lemass with weekend recreation on its golf course, where he plays to a handicap of about 14.

Like most Dubliners, Lemass is a man of solid, unostentatious piety. He attends Mass with his wife at Good Shepherd church near his home. Mrs. Lemass and their three daughters are active in parish work.

One of the prettiest weddings of 1959 took place last July when Sheila, youngest of the Lemass girls, married John O'Connor. Maureen, the eldest daughter, is Mrs. Charles Haughey; Peggy is the wife of Capt. John O'Brien. Lemass's son Noel is also married, and has three children. The premier and Mrs. Lemass have seven grandchildren.

That men of such dissimilar types as de Valera and Lemass should have been such close friends is one of the wonders of Irish political life. De Valera, the aloof scholar and Gaelic idealist, never really got close to the people. Unlike Lemass, he never had a golf handicap or was

known to go to the races and "put a bit on a horse." Sean, with his love for a pipe and his fondness for golf and the horses, seems more human to most Irishmen.

The premier is an omnivorous reader, and has built up a great library in political science and economics. For relaxation, he likes a good historical novel.

His speeches since he became prime minister have sent his stock rocketing. One of his first utterances embodied a statesmanlike gesture of good will to Northern Ireland. He offered to set up a committee of officials from both North and South Ireland to promote mutual trade and to boost tourism. As a solution to the partition problem, he urged the creation of a federal parliament for Northern Ireland as part of an all-Ireland parliamentary system.

When England offered Denmark a tax remission on its bacon exports, Irish farmers became worried. Premier Lemass flew to London to discuss the matter with Premier Harold Macmillan. His immediate action was something Irish farmers appreciated. It helped refute the contention of political opponents that the new premier was more interested in industry than in agriculture.

Lemass is the architect of the industrial Ireland. In the face of strong criticism, he gave native industrialists the protection of high tariffs to build up their enterprises. A few abused their protective privileges and produced below-standard goods

sold at inflated prices, but the net results of his work over the seven years from 1932 to 1939 were good. Jobs increased in Irish factories. When he was criticized for some industrial ventures that misfired, Lemass retorted, "I have acted on the principle that the only way to avert mistakes was to do nothing. I do not intend to do nothing."

The coming of the 2nd World War halted further industrial development. Lemass then became minister for supplies, with the difficult task of finding food and raw materials. Even his political opponents paid tribute to the job he did.

The war impressed upon him the sad state in which Ireland had left itself through having no mercantile shipping fleet. One of the first tasks he set himself when peace came was to establish a native-owned concern known as Irish Shipping, Ltd., which has given the republic a fleet of Irish ships.

Perhaps his outstanding achievement has been bringing the island into world aviation. The airports of Shannon and Dublin, and the efficiently run Irish airline services operating today from Dublin to many parts of Europe, are monuments to Lemass. Now, with Ireland operating a charter transatlantic service, he has more faith than ever in his idea that Ireland must fly westward as well as eastward. His government has invested £3 million in three Boeing 707 jet airliners which should be in commission by early 1961.

In the first decade of Irish freedom, Pres. William T. Cosgrave's administration gave the country its first great hydroelectric station, on the Shannon at Limerick, and provided Ireland's first beet-sugar factories. Under Lemass's ministry the Liffey river at Dublin and the Lee at Cork have been harnessed to provide additional hydroelectric stations. More beet-sugar factories were opened, so that the republic is now producing nearly all the sugar it needs from beets grown by Irish farmers.

Something more than romantic Celtic mists are coming from the brown peat bogs of Ireland these days as a result of the revolution carried out by the Irish Turf board. The board was set up by Lemass, and directed by Dr. Tod Andrews, a man who has won European fame for his exploitation of peat. Landmarks in the Irish midlands today are the great cooling towers near several of the bogs where peat-burning power stations have been established.

To replace the old hand-won peat, with which the women in the golden thatched cottages baked their toothsome soda bread, Dr. Andrews developed an attractive machine-made peat briquette, which has brought peat into fashionable homes as a high-grade, clean domestic fuel for open fireplaces. Ireland's development of her bogs has been so impressive that research groups from Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Britain, and Northern Ireland have come to study the techniques.

During the last two years, Lemass induced American oil interests to establish a great oil refinery at Whitegate, in County Cork. Canadian prospectors are now profitably mining copper ore at Avoca, in County Wicklow. Only this year he concluded an arrangement under which a leading Dutch shipbuilder is now establishing a shipyard in Cork.

The premier's immediate concern is to find export markets for Irish products, since the home market provided by a population of just under 3 million limits expansion. He has just introduced a bill in Dail Eireann, the republic's parliament, to convert the existing Dollar Exports board into a full statutory export corporation. No country in Europe has more state-owned or socialized industries than Ireland: capital could not be found in any other way.

Lemass will not hesitate, where it is necessary, to find more state capital for projects likely to advance his drive for greater export business. To induce outside industrialists, particularly Americans, to establish factories in Ireland, he has offered generous tax concessions and state loans toward the cost of buildings.

In the Dail, Lemass at times has suffered much abuse, but he has never lost his habitual restraint. Those who are received at his office find him relaxed, with a winning way. But back of that easy manner is an earnestness and a sense of responsibility that promise well for the Ireland of tomorrow.

Quilting goes modern

A noble American art is being revived

THAT PATCHWORK QUILT in the guest bedroom that mother brought with her as a family heirloom is the product of an art that flourished in America for centuries. Now such quilts are popping up all over the country. Quilt making as an art has revived.

A quilt detective studying designs, names, materials, and stitching, can often tell about when and where a quilt was made. One thing is certain: the women who made the quilts in days of yore had almost infinite patience and skill. Their counterparts of today have electric sewing machines to speed up the work.

Whoever made that quilt of mom's may have put into it weeks, months, even years, of work. First, there was the quilttop to be pieced or appliquéd. A patchwork quilt contained hundreds, sometimes thousands, of tiny pieces—squares, triangles, diamonds—all cut exactly and sewn together with even stitches. All the seams were pressed flat, so that no ridge would mar the finished quilt. If the top was to be appliquéd, an intricate pattern was cut from cloth and sewn onto a background.



A backing of plain material was measured to fit the top; rows of cotton batting were placed carefully as padding. When top, back, and filling had been put together in the frames, they were ready for the actual quilting: thousands of yards of fine stitching in rows or in elaborate patterns.

The first American quilts were seldom beautiful. Cloth was scarce, since every bit had to be imported, or spun, woven, and dyed at home. A garment was worn, remade, re-dyed, worn again, and finally, any whole material left was used in a warm coverlet. The first quilt pattern was the Crazy Patch or Crazy Quilt. It was so called because the odd-shaped pieces were sewn together without any attempt at design. Few of those quilts survived to be handed down. They were worn out

*505 Park Ave., New York City 22, October, 1959. Published by the Arabian American Oil Co., and reprinted with permission.

with use in cold, drafty houses heated only by fireplaces.

Wealthy families imported fine materials from abroad. Scraps from some of the English chintzes, Indian calicoes, and French *toiles de Jouy* went into quilts. But by 1809, there were 87 mills turning out good cloth in the Eastern states. Women could now afford treasured calicoes and percales and were able to design quilt patterns without relying entirely on scrap bags. Scrap bags did remain an important resource, however, for friends continued to exchange choice quilt pieces.

As families moved westward, quilts and quilt patterns went with them. Pioneer women had to revert to early colonial ways and make their quilts from scraps. Later, when peddlers, river boats, and trains brought merchandise, they could choose materials. But for most women, wherever they lived, quilt making was not only a way to use up scraps, but an artistic outlet, and they often produced masterpieces of design, color, and fine stitchery.

The golden age of quilt making lasted from the early 19th century until about 1880. Girls of four or five were started at sewing simple four-patch quilt blocks. As they grew older, they gained plenty of practice in piecing at least a dozen quilt tops for dower chests. They were invited to many quilting bees.

These get-togethers bridged the long miles between houses, and were happy breaks in the days of hard

work. Women wore their Sunday best, and arrived early. The hostess produced one or two pieced tops which were set up with back and lining in the quilting frames, and the guests quilted swiftly and steadily, laughing and gossiping.

The party always ended with a bountiful supper, to which the men-folk came. The evening flew by, with singing, dancing, and games. It ended, sometimes, in the way the old song describes:

*In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the banks the pale moon
shone;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.*

So the next invitation might be for Nellie's friends to come and quilt her tops: the equivalent of announcing an engagement. Tops pieced through girlhood years were put away until a young woman was about to be married.

The finest quilt in her dower chest was the bride quilt, usually appliqué. The bride made the top herself, but in some communities it was considered unlucky for her to work on the quilting, and her friends did that. Some patterns were used exclusively on bride quilts: love knots, doves, hearts, and roses of Sharon.

Sometimes the friends of a bride-to-be would each design and make a quilt block and sign it; and then the collection of blocks would be made

into a quilt as a wedding present. In the same way, album quilts of individually designed blocks were given to friends moving away or to other esteemed persons.

Up until about 1825, one quilt was made for men alone. The Freedom Quilt was stitched by a young man's feminine relatives and friends just before his 21st birthday, that important date when parents or guardian could no longer apprentice him, take his wages, or order his life. The quilt was put away, to add to his future bride's dower chest.

The finest quilts were not used as everyday bedding, but were set aside and used as counterpanes when honored guests were expected. A visitor could gauge her social standing in a household by noticing whether the spare-room bed was covered with the best, or merely a second-best quilt.

The names of old patterns reveal the interests and lives of the women who made them. Religion and the Bible were strong influences: quilt patterns were named Jacob's Ladder, Joseph's Coat, Solomon's Temple, Golden Gates, Crown of Thorns, Star of Bethlehem.

Flowers formed the design of many appliqué quilts, with roses the favorite. More than 20 had rose names. Also popular were tulips, morning-glories, cockscomb, peonies ("pinies"), daisies, lilies, and any other flowers effective in cut-out design. Swallows, doves, ducks, and geese led among the birds. The triangle patch was often used to signify

a bird in pieced quilts, as in the patterns called Swallows, Hovering Hawks, Birds-in-the-Air, and Wild Goose Chase. Quilters along the Atlantic coast gave their designs names like Ocean Waves, Storm at Sea, Lost Ship, Clam Shell, and Fish Block.

Then there were the humorists. Was it a merry quilter or her teasing brother or husband who established quilt patterns with names like All Tangled Up, Hairpin Catcher, Tangled Garter?

Quilt-pattern names changed with the times or as they crossed the country. A pattern which Cape Cod women described as the Ship's Wheel moved westward and became the Harvest Sun. The quilt block which on Long Island was Duck's Foot in the Mud was changed to Hand of Friendship in Quaker Philadelphia and to Bear's Paw in early Ohio.

With the development of machines after the Civil War the interest in quilting dwindled away. Old quilts were put away in attics, some unfinished. Yet in some families, quilts were cherished and handed down. In recent years, there has been a real revival of interest. State and county fairs hold exhibits of quilts old and new. Some are on sale at antique shops and fairs and at auctions. A few are owned by museums such as the Shelburne museum at Shelburne, Vt., which has the largest collection of old quilts and coverlets in the U.S.

By Jacob Sarnoff, M.D.

Condensed from "Better Health, Longer Life"*

Your Child and His Doctor

Please don't make the physician a bogeyman



YOU HAVE FREE CHOICE in selecting your doctor. Your child has none. The word *doctor* is too often used as a lash on a reluctant child. A mother may say, "Go to sleep this minute or I'll call the doctor." She may succeed only in keeping the little one awake longer as he fights to fall asleep. Worse, she has implanted a seed in his mind that may sprout into a full-blown fear—fear of the man who should be an ally: the doctor.

Once you have made a bogeyman of the doctor, your child will resist going to see him. Why make matters unnecessarily difficult for him, yourself, and your doctor?

If your daughter won't eat her soup, ignore it. She may have her reasons. Never say, "I'll make you take some medicine if you don't." You are implying that medicine is something to be resorted to only when everything else fails. Today's medicines are not all distasteful, and at some time or other your child will

have to take medicine. A child who has no trouble swallowing large jelly beans often cannot swallow a tiny pill. Why? Because fear lodges it in his throat.

Never use the hospital as a threat. Tonsillectomies, injuries, minor growths, and major illnesses like pneumonia are almost certain to send the youngster there sooner or later. So do not send him there in fancy many times before he has to go. Don't cause him to imagine the hospital as a bad place to be. Children love adventure. A boy or girl can find a trip to the hospital an interesting experience, for a hospital is another world, full of wonders and gadgets.

Children can face operations better than their parents can. They do not worry about how long they will be laid up, who will take care of the business, how the operation will be

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How times have changed...

especially for the diabetic!

RECENTLY, a well-known United States senator and a prominent nuclear scientist happened to share a table in a restaurant in Washington. Each ordered a substantial luncheon and ate with vigorous appetite. Over coffee, a chance remark from the senator disclosed that he was diabetic. His luncheon partner grinned. "That's funny," he said. "I thought you passed up the hashed-in-cream potatoes because you were watching your waistline. But it seems we skipped them for the same reason. I'm diabetic, too!"

Thirty years ago, the diet of both men would have been limited to a pitifully small variety and amount of food. Before the discovery of insulin, the treatment for diabetes was "undernutrition"—actually slow starvation. The diabetic lived an invalid's life.

Today, if you're diabetic, you can enjoy a long, productive life by following your doctor's program of medication and diet.

Nowadays, the diabetic often can eat almost all types of foods, but in specific amounts. Carbohydrates are limited, which sometimes restricts the variety of foods

—especially sweet foods.

But thousands have now solved this problem with sweet D-Zerta® Gelatin. Made without sugar, one serving has only 12 calories. *D-Zerta Gelatin has so little carbohydrates, the diabetic usually can eat as much as he likes, as often as he likes.*

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You'll also be glad to know that D-Zerta comes in a *pudding*, too . . . in three luscious flavors. Creamy, smooth D-Zerta Pudding is a perfect dessert for the diabetic's "exchange list." D-Zerta Pudding is much lower in carbohydrate than regular pudding. The exact amount is on the package. So when regular pudding or any other high carbohydrate dessert is allowed, substitute D-Zerta Pudding and use the extra amount of carbohydrate as you wish.

Ask your doctor about D-Zerta. He'll recommend it. D-Zerta is made by General Foods, makers of Jell-O® Desserts. It's available at grocery stores.

paid for, or whether it will cure the condition. Their main fear is pain, their second being away from home. The degree of their anxiety usually depends on their age, mental development, and environment.

Often a child hears frightful details about hospitals and operations from other children and adults. I have seen children so upset by the word *hospital* that tears rolled down their cheeks at the mere mention of it. In such cases, it is wise not to tell them that they are going to the hospital for an operation. You should tell the truth, but it isn't always necessary to tell the whole truth. If children have had X-rays taken they know they have nothing to fear from that experience. As a general rule, I advise parents to tell their child only that he is going to have his picture taken by X-ray.

A three-year-old boy fell down while running, and his hand crashed through a glass door. The broken glass gashed his finger so badly that the tendon was cut. The parents brought him to me. I examined the cut finger, and asked the lad to close his fist. He was curious to know why the other fingers would close, but not the middle one. He was too young to fear the hospital, took the general anesthetic without a whimper, and at no time during his stay was aware that an operation had been performed on him.

Here are a few things to keep in mind when you have to take your child to the doctor.

Don't tell him in advance what the doctor will do. For one thing you do not know. What the doctor does is based on his experience. Children are sticklers for details, as any embarrassed parent knows when one blurts out something he has overheard. So if the doctor should vary his procedure from any routine you may have explained to your child, the child will be on his guard.

Don't hold a gun—whether you call it doctor, nurse, medicine, hospital, operation, injection—to your child's head when he won't obey.

Don't betray your own fear in his presence. And I mean not only fear over his condition, but any fear you yourself have of doctors, examinations, injections, or medicine. Fear is as contagious as chicken pox.

If Sonny is willing to see the doctor alone, don't insist on being present. The boy will establish his own relationship, thus taking a step toward maturity. The doctor will tell you all you need to know. And you are not really equipped to pass judgment on the doctor's methods.

Parents may inadvertently ask, "Is an operation necessary?" Or the fearful mother may flash a look of horror when the doctor examines a painful spot. Some mothers have even pulled the doctor's hand away. I need hardly explain the effect of such a maneuver upon a youngster.

Whatever you do, never stand between your child and his doctor, or place them in the position of being friendly enemies.



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Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in *The Catholic Digest*, you and a person of your choice will each receive a ten-year subscription to this magazine. Write to *The Catholic Digest*, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

What would you like to know about the Church?

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER:

To the Editor: For some years I have had a certain interest in the Catholic religion. My wife is a Catholic, and our daughter goes to a Catholic school. Also, there is a Catholic employee in our office with whom I occasionally discuss this subject. I am a former Protestant but actually am a member of no sect.

There is considerable confusion in my mind about the claims of the many different religions. For instance, there are the many ancient religions of India (Brahmanism and Buddhism), of Persia, China, Egypt, and Greece, and the multitude of modern non-Catholic religions.

No doubt, there are some good points in many of these different sects. With what universal standards should each religion be compared to determine its qualifications? What has the Catholic Church to offer that the other religions don't have?

Lowell F. Parks.

THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

Listen, Lowell, if you want that question answered thoroughly you will have to give me a few years for study and preparation; and then you must be ready to read a big thick

book. I can't put the answer in a capsule.

I presume that you believe in God, and that you see the necessity for some religion to inspire and guide us in this life

and prepare us for eternity; thus we narrow the field. You are not an atheist, agnostic, or indifferentist. Your problem is to find out which of the world's religions is the true one.

You are right in supposing that each religion has some good points; otherwise men would not accept it. Our standards for comparing religions can hardly be as firm and clear as physical tests might be. I will have to suppose a certain agreement from you on the criteria I will propose.

To begin, I presume that we can eliminate from consideration various ancient religions which have long since passed from the world's scene, and the lingering forms of animism or superstition which might be found among some primitive people. So I propose to narrow our comparison to 11 forms of religion which show signs of life in the world today: Christianity, Judaism, Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism, Confucianism, Shinto, Taoism, Sikhism, Jainism, and Zoroastrianism.

It has been claimed that some of these are not really religions, since they are not primarily concerned with worship of God and salvation of man, but are rather systems of philosophy and morality. This is particularly true of Buddhism and Confucianism, especially in their original forms.

Size has importance to us; our convictions seem often to be formed by popularity polls. Christianity is more than twice the size of any other religious group. We can honestly

count more than 800 million Christians, if we take them all together. Islam would be next largest, with half that number. Hinduism and Confucianism have about 300 million each. On the basis of numbers alone we could practically eliminate Zoroastrianism, with about 150,000, and Jainism which has about 1½ million members.

Antiquity has more than casual bearing as a criterion of the true religion. Historically Christianity has its living roots in Judaism; so in determining the age of Christianity we rightly consider the total Judeo-Christian tradition. If we are conservative, and date it from Moses, we would have to yield in age to Hinduism; but if we go back to Abraham the Judeo-Christian history is just about equal with the ancient religious tradition of India, and thus older than any other living religion.

The truth of a religion is reflected in its own concept of its scope and purpose. Only three groups seem to have any notion of universality: any realization that the true religion should bring truth and salvation to all men. Islam is strongly expansive, but it seeks to grow by accretion rather than dispersion, to get adherents rather than converts.

Buddhism is the only other religion, except Christianity, which has any particular concern for those outside its own nation, race, or tradition. And Christianity is unique in the practical missionary effort by which it constantly strives to bring itself to

the whole world; it seeks the sanctification and salvation of all mankind.

The most critical criterion of all, Lowell, is a religion's concept of God. Hinduism, Confucianism, and Shinto were hardly theistic in their origins. They grew up from a sort of nature worship. Confucianism today worships many spirits: those of nature and those of deceased ancestors. Hinduism has its Brahma as a subject for meditation rather than for worship. Zoroastrianism is peculiar: it has only one god, Ahura Mazda, but his power is offset by demons who created the evil of the world.

For all practical purposes all the other religions of the world are polytheistic, except Islam, Judaism, and Christianity. For Islam there is no god but Allah, and he is rather remote and arbitrary. Judaism has a God of justice, but also traditionally one of vengeance. Only Christianity has a God of goodness, justice, love, mercy, and forgiveness, who seeks with divine solicitude the redemption and eternal happiness of all men.

Next most important is a religion's notion of man. Only Christianity stresses the individual's dignity as a child of God. As such, he is destined to eternal happiness with the Father, endowed by the Creator with unalienable rights, possessed of great intrinsic value: free, intelligent, and immortal.

Our concept of man is only partial when we consider him alone. He is part of a group. So a religion's notion

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of society is a definite standard of its truthfulness. In this aspect Hinduism, with its castes, ranks lowest. Islam, with its degradation of women, can hardly qualify. Taoism, which seeks a return to uncivilized simplicity, must be counted out. Confucianism lacks any program for social betterment; it seems content with a lower status for certain elements, especially women.

Christianity doesn't always practice what it preaches, but it does insist strongly on the equality of all men, their brotherhood in Jesus Christ, and the justice and love which should govern their mutual relations. It proclaims the peace, order, equity, and security which should reign in society.

The true religion must be aware of reality, and one of the great facts of life is the existence of evil: suffering, ignorance, sorrow, injustice, crime, selfishness, ugliness, and sin. Hinduism denies all evil; Islam largely ignores it; Buddhism says that all existence is evil, so we must withdraw from life to escape it. Jainism and Zoroastrianism hold that half of all being is evil. Confucianism thinks that man is inherently good; so there really isn't much evil at all.

Christianity alone faces up to the widespread fact of evil. It offers a satisfying explanation of it, and has a specific program for coping with it. Christianity eliminates some evil, adapts to the rest of it, and puts all of it to profitable spiritual use.

Much light will be thrown on the

world's religions if we compare their founders: their character, personality, claims, teachings, example, achievements. In this area Christianity transcends all others completely; just try comparing Jesus with Mohammed, or with Buddha, Confucius, or even Moses! Compare his simple and sublime teachings, unspotted life, outstanding miracles; his kindness, forgiveness, love, and generosity; his unpretentious claims to divinity and his proofs of these claims; his patience, strength, and courage in suffering and death; and finally his resurrection from the dead.

Many religions have some tradition of a divine founder, but with all except Christianity the stories of a supernatural origin grew up centuries later. It is only in some late writings that Buddha is presented as a heavenly creature who became the child of his queen mother through a prophetic dream. Not until 1,000 years after his death was Lao-tze described as being born in full maturity, with white hair, after having spent 72 years in his mother's womb. Most of these stories are fantastic.

Jesus alone is presented by authentic documents of his own time as coming directly from God, to represent God to us; as living in constant intimacy with the Father; as being God Himself come in human form to make the divinity known to us, to show us how to attain union with God, and to make that union possible. Jesus alone has the moral charac-

ter to represent God before man, as fully as human nature can picture Him.

All religions have sacred writings, which are held to give unique divine truths, not otherwise available to man. The Hindus have the Vedas, Confucianism its Classics, Islam the Koran. The Vedas and the Koran are held to be really inspired, in a manner similar to our Scriptures. The best practical test of the value of these claims is to compare the intrinsic value of these various writings: the knowledge they give of God, man, and goodness; the inspiration they give to love and sanctity. The Bible forms the great national literature of a people, accepted as literature of the world. It is God's word to his people directly, usually in words they could easily understand; it has nothing of the esoteric, cryptic, or cabalistic about it.

All the living religions of the world make claim to divine revelation, to saving truths which come from God, and are not man-made or discovered by man's ingenuity. If you examine them you will find gleams of truth in all, one ray in this one, another in that. But you will find all these specific truths in Christianity, and you will find much more besides. We lack nothing of sound value that any other religion has, and we have much that none of them has: for instance, that God is a person, infinitely perfect; that He is a Father to all of us; that Jesus Christ is God incarnate; that we should

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serve God in love and obedience; that He sanctifies us by his personal presence in us; that we should love our fellow man as our brother, even though he be an enemy to us; that heaven is an intimate personal union with God which will bring us complete and enduring happiness; that God Himself has redeemed us and shares his divine life with us.

We might go on and on, Lowell. All religions report some miracles. Buddha crossed the Ganges instantly without a boat. Mohammed disclaimed the power of working miracles; yet some are attributed to him. Only in Christianity are the miracles well documented, specific, and reasonable.

All religions have rules of morality; nearly all give evidence of the Golden Rule in one form or another. But Jesus Christ alone applied the principles of justice and love consistently and with sacrifice, even towards his enemies, and even to the point of death. He alone taught by word and example that we base our morality on the sanctity of God: that we should be perfect even as our heavenly Father is perfect. He alone provided the divine help which could make such sanctity possible in man.

All religions have some notion of a future life: the spirit of man will somehow continue to live beyond the grave. For some this immortality is an affliction, inescapable but undesirable. This is particularly true of Hinduism and Buddhism, which consider the present life to have little value,

with the prospect that the future may be worse. Their only hope is that in time individual existence may be destroyed. They believe in the transmigration of souls, that man after this life will be reincarnated in some other earthly body, and the nature and desirability of that body will depend on our conduct in this life.

For Confucianism the future is ghostly at best, with no hope of heaven and no fear of hell. Our lot in the afterlife depends in no way on our human acts here on earth. Islam has a rigid system of rewards and punishments, with a paradise of sensual pleasure for the faithful, and a hell of eternal agony for unbelievers. Only Christianity has a clear and definite teaching of a just and merciful judgment, of the perpetual happiness of union with God, and of the sufferings of separation from Him, which results from our own choice.

Study these various religions as much as you want, Lowell, and from any angle you choose. You will find invariably that Christianity shares anything good you find in any of them, and that it has much more besides: values and insights, helps and motives, goals and consolations which are not found in any of them.

This is not the usual way of demonstrating the truths of Christianity, but this is what you asked for. After you have finished your comparisons, I suggest that you put the other religions out of your mind for a while, and concentrate on the intrinsic evidence which comes from

the truths of Christianity. Consider the historical evidence for the claims of Jesus Christ and the credibility of the Gospels. Ponder the practical success of Christianity in transforming the lives of men and the shape of society.

But that is another story, and I still have another step of proof to indicate before I am near the answer to your question. Even when you have accepted Christianity as the true religion, you will still be in the midst of confusion. There are a couple of hundred Christian sects all making some claim to authenticity. Can they all be the Church of Christ? Can both sides of a contradiction be truth? Can confusing factions be the one flock for which the Good Shepherd prayed?

It would be well worth your while to go through a list of comparisons similar to those we have just used. In size, scope and antiquity the Catholic Church would clearly stand out. In the perfection of her notion of God

and man she would certainly equal all sects and excel most of them. In her clear concept of a divine Founder and Saviour, she would stand firmly above many who have compromised their notion of the divinity of Christ.

Her notions of redemption and sanctification are explicit. Her concepts of virtue and sin are emphatic. Her teachings on the future life are precise, offering strong motivation to goodness, sound reason to hope.

Yes, Lowell, in all forms of Christianity you will find much that is good, gleams of truth, and motives for sanctity. But you will also find that the Catholic Church lacks nothing of positive truth or sound value which may be found in any of them; and we have much that none of them has: security in our faith which comes from a divine teaching authority, union with Christ in the sanctifying worship of the Mass, effective grace from the sacraments, and a vitalizing membership in the mystical Body of Christ.



SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Then there's the story of the boy born on the lower East Side of New York to poverty-stricken immigrant parents. He grew up and married a neighborhood girl, and they had several children. For years he struggled; then all of a sudden his luck changed.

He became enormously successful in business. He became tremendously wealthy. He owned steel mills, oil refineries, railroads. He had a home in Miami, a penthouse in New York City, a villa on the Riviera, an estate in Rome. But he never forgot.

Every year he goes back to the East Side, just to visit his wife and children.

Steve Allen in *Parade* (29 Nov. '59).

St. Teresa: A Journey in Spain

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton



NEW BIOGRAPHY of St. Teresa of Avila is always an event. There is endless fascination about her that leads inevitably to admiring reappraisal on many levels.

Often her most ardent biographers are scholars who tend to lose the allure of the woman between extensive quotations from her letters and mystical treatises. What has been wanting for a long time is a life of St. Teresa written by a woman capable of appreciating the color and poetry in the atmosphere surrounding this unusual saint, without losing sight of her dazzling achievements in theology, business, and literature.

Now the wish for such a book has been fulfilled in Elizabeth Hamilton's *St. Teresa: A Journey in Spain*. The oddness of the title stems from the author's originality in approaching her task. Instead of poring over St. Teresa's works in a library, Miss Hamilton traveled to Spain. There she went on a pilgrimage, the itinerary of which included all the places where the saint had lived.

The record of that thoughtful pilgrimage begins in Avila, Teresa's birthplace. Miss Hamilton limns the old town with a brilliance worthy of

Teresa's own sharp observation and love of her native town.

"There was snow. Yet, in the brilliance of the morning light I saw the winter was past. The buds bursting on the poplars made a haze of gold that seemed to enclose each tree, like a nimbus round a saint. There were the storks, too. They soared on silk-white wings above the city's towers, and sat up awkwardly in nests of sticks piled high on the belfry of Santa Ana. This convent looks like a fortress, with its tiny barred windows set in enormous walls. Teresa used to visit it, to see her friend, María Vela, who was a nun there.

"I came, presently, to the Plaza de Santa Teresa, flanked to the east by the ancient Romanesque church of San Pedro, built of stone the color of a dried apricot, with two acacia trees beside it taller than itself. In front of this church there are little heraldic lions carved in granite, looking like cubs that had been turned to stone in the middle of their play. In the center of the plaza, near a statue of Teresa in Carmelite habit, men in black corduroy with lean sun-grooved faces, that might have been cut out of wood, were talking to a priest who wore his cloak flung

around him like a Roman toga. Beyond them, dwarfing all else, and caught in the full light of the sun, were the walls, as golden-pale as a sheaf of barley."

Between such fascinating vignettes of places, persons, and things, Miss Hamilton sweeps us up into the colorful life of Teresa. We watch this petted darling of her father growing up into a giddy girlhood, swayed by emotion and the romantic currents of her age.

The dawning of Teresa's eminence and wisdom does not start with her entrance into the Convent of the Incarnation. Its atmosphere, memorably suggested by Miss Hamilton, was careless and secular. The nuns spent more time talking to visitors in the parlor than they gave to prayer. They wore their habits in eccentrically stylish ways.

Looking back on what Teresa called "these wasted years," we can see that God was drawing her to Himself in his own fashion.

He began to "chastise" Teresa with favors. At times she had such a sharp awareness of God's presence that it was painful to her. There were occasions when she heard God speaking in her very heart, or saw Him frowning on her frivolous ways.

"Another time when she was at Mass on the feast of St. Paul, she saw Christ in his resurrected Body in great beauty and majesty. She nearly always saw Him in the glory of his resurrection. Occasionally He was wearing a crown of thorns or

was carrying his cross, but even then in his glorified Body. He used to reveal Himself to her gradually. One time He showed her the shining beauty of his hands. She could not, however, see the color of his eyes, or his height; if she tried to see more than was granted to her she lost the vision altogether."

Finally she had a vision of an angel who pierced her heart with a golden lance, tipped with iron, from which flames jetted.

About the year 1556, Teresa made her complete submission. From that day she never looked back.

For the remaining years of her life it is the great saint we see: reforming her Order, making many new foundations.

Her travels by oxcart and on horseback seemed endless; she had many sorrows and vexations, yet her joy could not be obscured any more than her quick wit, which always had a cogency illustrated nicely in the retort she made to someone who criticized her for eating partridge, "There's a time for partridge and a time for penance."

She was forever writing letters; wonderful outpourings of her very soul, yet filled with pithy common sense. How she ever found time to compose her mystical works is a marvel. But she wrote them, and they are, along with her letters, one of the glories of classical Spanish, and no less the glory of the Church.

Finally, worn down, she died at Alba de Tormes, wise and witty to

the last, everywhere esteemed a saint.

Summing up her brilliantly impressionistic portrait of this grand womanly saint who loved laughter, pictures, sweet-smelling things—everything reminiscent of the beauty of God—the author may well say of her book what she says of St. Teresa:

"Yet they will remember you. They will forget the bishops and the archbishops, the theologians and the Grand Inquisitor, but they will remember the nun in the patched habit who was gracious and gay and had no use for long-faced saints. And others coming after in other countries and in another age will marvel,

looking back across the centuries, at how this woman, who while still on earth had foretaste of the joys of heaven, was no less human than themselves.

"You have come to the end of your journey, Teresa, and I to the end of mine. Night has fallen at Alba de Tormes. A wind stirs in the poplar trees and the river carries the stars."

St. Teresa: A Journey in Spain is a 192-page volume, indexed, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The cost is only \$2.95 to Catholic Digest Book Club members. To join the club, write to: Catholic Digest Book Club, CD20, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13.

In Our Parish

In our parish, our school principal tells an amusing anecdote about her Order. Several of her Sisters, some years ago, were traveling to a small Southern town where they were to open a parochial school. They would be the first nuns the town had ever seen, and they wondered about how they would be received there.

Their worries were relieved at the station, however; a parade had come to meet them. The Sisters proudly joined it, and marched off, bobbing and smiling at the townspeople, to their new convent. It was not until later that they discovered they had taken part in an anti-Catholic demonstration protesting their arrival, and also, that their own naiveté and friendliness had won over the town's heart.

Mary J. Mercure.

In our parish, a little girl had attended her first catechism class. When her mother asked how she had enjoyed it, she didn't hesitate a minute before answering.

"Oh, mother, it's just a waste of time," she said. "I already love God."

Marguerite Mazzei.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

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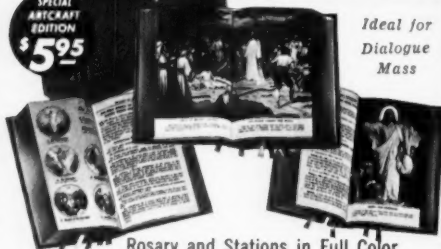
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